National Anti-Slavery Standard.

VOL. XVII. NO. 14. NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1856. WHOLE NO. 846.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, ON SATURDAY,

AT TWO DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

BY THE

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

At its Office, 138 *Nassau St., New York,*

AND AT THE OFFICE OF THE

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY,

31 *North Fifth St., Philadelphia.*

Advertisements inserted at $1 per square for the first insertion and 25 cents for every subsequent one. For advertisements less than a square, 50 cents for each insertion.

NORRIS & JOHNSTON, PRINTERS.

Selections.

BRUTAL SLAVE-WHIPPING IN LEXINGTON, MISSOURI.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CLEVELAND, Saturday, Aug. 9, 1856.

DURING the past Winter and Summer I have been travelling through Western Missouri and Kansas, and on the 21st of February, 1856, I was in Lexington, Mo., which I think may be regarded as the great hotbed of those who pride themselves in that appropriate and significant name, "Border Ruffians." On the morning of that day I was, for the first time in my life, a spectator of the sale of slaves.

Two young men, and a girl about eighteen years of age, were placed upon the block, surrounded by forty or fifty slaveholders. The first put up was a "nigger" of great beauty and fine form. The auctioneer commenced by exhorting the farmers to remember that the hemp was all down—hands were scarce—niggers had taken a rise; and told them that there stood one of the best-looking "niggers" in the State; that he was a slave for life, and had no wife to trouble him—was sound—had good teeth and eyes; in short, was an "excellent nigger!" The bidding proceeded until $1,250 was reached, and the hammer fell upon the "nigger," who was led away by the highest bidder. During the sale the auctioneer and others indulged in witticisms and puns upon the boy, which set the crowd to laughing; but the slave did not laugh. Not a smile nor a tear did I notice during the whole time. His expression was that of deep despondency.

Being called away, I did not see the other two sold. Several others were sold in that place during the same week, at Sheriff's sale. One gentleman told me that he would almost as soon sell one of his own children as one of his "niggers," but he would be compelled to do it; for if he did not, the Sheriff would.

On the afternoon of that same day a large meeting was held, in the Court-House, for the purpose of forming an "Emigrant Aid Society." A Constitution was presented by a Committee previously appointed. The necessity of the movement was enforced by an address from the Rev. Prof. Akers, who is now one of the Fillmore electors. He argued that if Kansas was made a free State, Missouri, being surrounded on three sides by free States, must sooner or later give up her cherished "institution." The North would have the majority in Congress, and would admit no more slave States into the Union. They would abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, and then it would be hemmed in and confined within its own narrow limits, and would smother out and die. But, oh! with what holy horror that pious man of God raised his hands and his voice against such a terrible result! He urged his friends, in the most passionate strains, to do all they could to make Kansas a slave State, and, if they failed, they would at least have the satisfaction of having done their duty. His was a telling speech, for, immediately after its delivery, about $9,000 were subscribed to send pro-slavery men to Kansas.

On the succeeding Friday a scene was presented in that same Court-House which almost beggars description.

Sheriff Withers, having a "nigger woman," who, on the previous day, had been neglectful of her taskwork, sent for a blacksmith to come and chastise her. He came, bolted the door, tied the woman's hands together, and lashed them over her head to the ceiling, and commenced whipping. The screams of the woman brought her husband to the rescue. He broke open the door, and, with a butcher-knife in his hand, rushed forward to cut his wife loose. The slave and blacksmith encountered each other, and in the affray the latter got his arm cut. The slave finally surrendered, and was led away to jail, while the woman received a double whipping. These are the facts in the case.

News of this "horrible outrage" was soon circulated, and the excitement became intense. One leading man was heard say: "*God d—n me if I don't sink my soul to hell if I don't put a stop to this slave rebellion, if I can only get three men to join with me.*" When asked how he would do it, he said, "I will take this slave and that other one that is in jail, and hang them both upon the same tree, and let them hang there a week." Three men came forward to assist him, and the hour of four o'clock that afternoon was agreed upon for the execution. The excitement grew, waxing wilder and fiercer every hour, until such a storm of passion raged as was fearful to behold. At four o'clock, the mob, numbering two or three hundred, moved toward the Court-House. The "boy," a quadroon of about 40 years of age, was brought into the building and placed within the bar. Col. Reed was called to preside, and Col. Walton explained the object of the meeting.

He said: "A great crime has been committed—an outrage upon one of our citizens by a nigger. We have come together not to imbrue our hands in the blood of innocence, but rebellion of slaves is becoming common. Something must be done to put a stop to it, to protect our wives, our children, and our sacred homes."

A member of the Legislature earnestly remonstrated against mob law, and recommended that a day be appointed to whip the boy, and have all the slaves of the county present. He was not heard through, for the speech did not suit the mob. A Committee of twelve was appointed to decide immediately what punishment the boy should receive. That Committee retired, but soon returned, with Col. Reed at their head, who read the following announcement:

"*Your Committee have decided that the boy shall receive* ONE THOUSAND *lashes on his bare back, two hundred to be administered this evening* (if he can bear it), *and the remaining eight hundred from time to time, as in the judgment of the Committee his physical nature can bear up under it. Also, we advise that a committee of three physicians be appointed to superintend the operation, and three citizens be chosen to whip him. Also, that the person whose arm was cut by the slave have the privilege of giving him the last two hundred lashes.*"

The report was almost unanimously adopted; those voting nay being in favour of hanging him. The slave was ordered to remove his clothing, and one article after another was taken off until he stood with nothing to cover his nakedness. He was then ordered to kneel down in front of Col. Reed, while his hands, extending over the top of a bench, were tied to the floor.

Let the reader now imagine Col. Reed upon the bench, cigar in mouth, three honoured physicians on the right, and three burly slaveholders (whips in hand) on the left, of a poor slave who was kneeling before them, with his whole person bared to the chilling atmosphere, the thermometer marking zero. Outside the Bar are two or three hundred Border Ruffians, all eager for blood. Such was the scene presented in the Court-House of Lexington, in the State of Missouri, on the last Friday of February, 1856.

The whipping commenced. Col. Reed sprang to his feet with curiosity; more than a hundred heads were pressing in to get a sight of their miserable victim. But before a dozen lashes had been administered, the slave fell to the floor, bleeding and writhing in agony. The slaveholder struck the harder, and ordered him to get up. The physicians interfered and felt his pulse, and declared that he could never stand such lashes.

Some one cried out, "988 yet to come," and the whipping was resumed. Lash upon lash was inflicted, until *one hundred* had been given, when his whole back, from the top of his shoulders down to his very heels, was a mass of blood and mangled flesh.

The whipping was continued without cessation, amid the most piteous and beseeching wails and cries, such as "O gen'lemen, O gen'lemen, have mercy!" "O Lord!" "O Lord, come down in mercy!" "O gen'lemen!" "O Lord!" "O Lord!" until they became fainter and died away upon the ear.

When they commenced giving him the second hundred, I left the room in anguish of spirit, exclaiming to myself, "Oh that I were a dog, that I might not call man my brother!"

He was not permitted to rise until the two hundred were given. He was taken out the next day, but it was decided he was too sore to whip. On the third day he was taken out and whipped again, in the presence of a large crowd; but when they had given him twenty, his strength completely failed him.

Whether the whole of the thousand lashes were administered, or whether he gave out before receiving the complete penalty, I have no means of knowing; but I do know that some of the leading slaveholders pledged themselves to each other to carry it through, despite the indignation of a portion of the community and of the entreaties of his master, although at first the master had given him up to the mob heartily, and was even willing they should hang him. He also acquiesced in the judgment of the Committee.

On the next evening (Saturday) after the 200 lashes had been inflicted upon the slave, Gov. Shannon arrived, en route for the Territory. A grand reception supper, costing some $300, was gotten up for him. The Governor was largely toasted, and replied in a speech, boasting of the power he had received from the President, and how he would compel submission to the laws. He largely complimented the Missourians and urged them to come and settle in the Territory, and said that, with such citizens as they were, "Kansas, in two years' time, would be one of the loyal States of this Union."

Col. Reed, who, on the previous evening, had presided over the naked "nigger" and the mob, presided over this table, with Gov. Shannon on his right.

Look upon this picture, and then on that!

JAY ELL.

HUMBOLDT'S PROTEST.

[J. S. Thrasher, the American Fillibuster, having printed an old book of Humboldt's about Cuba, expurgating it of his decided aversion to slavery, the old philosopher has published the following protest, in which he spurns, with deserved scorn, the base attempt to make him a party to that literary cowardice of our day which fails to speak its honest sentiments on slavery. "Humboldt," says a correspondent of the *Evening Post*, "is no fanatic, but upon the question of property in human blood his Germanic love of justice glows with a depth which he never conceals. I learn from a person who is frequently in his society that he looks upon the attempts now making in the United States to take slavery to the Pacific through the free Western prairies, and across the Rocky Mountains, with an utter abhorrence. 'To attempt to introduce, in 1856, slavery where it does not now exist, Humboldt regards as a great crime,' said my informant."]

UNDER the title of *Essai Politique sur l' Isle de Cuba*, published in Paris in 1826, I collected together all that the large edition of my *Voyage aux Régions Equinoxiales du Nouveau Continent* contained upon the state of agriculture and slavery in the Antilles. There appeared at the same time an English and a Spanish translation of this work, the latter entitled *Ensayo Politico sobre la Isla de Cuba*, neither of which omitted any of the frank and open remarks which feelings of humanity had inspired. But there appears just now, strangely enough, translated from the Spanish translation, and not from the French original, and published by Derby and Jackson, in New York, an octavo volume of 400 pages, under the title of *The Island of Cuba*, by Alexander Humboldt; with notes and a preliminary essay by J. S. Thrasher. The translator, who has lived a long time on that beautiful island, has enriched my work by more recent *data* on the subject of the numerical standing of the population, of the cultivation of the soil, and the state of trade, and, generally speaking, exhibited a charitable moderation in his discussion of conflicting opinions. I owe it, however, to a moral feeling, that is now as lively in me as it was in 1826, publicly to complain that in a work which bears my name the entire seventh chapter of the Spanish translation, with which my *essai politique* ended, has been arbitrarily omitted. To this very portion of my work I attach greater importance than to any astronomical observations, experiments of magnetic intensity, or statistical statements. I have examined with frankness (I here repeat the words I used thirty years ago) whatever concerns the organization of human society in the colonies, the unequal distinction of the rights and enjoyments of life, and the impending dangers which the wisdom of legislators and the moderation of freemen can avert, whatever may be the form of government.

It is the duty of the traveller who has been an eye-witness of all that torments and degrades human nature to cause the complaints of the unfortunate to reach those whose duty it is to relieve them. I have repeated in this treatise the fact that the ancient legislation of Spain on the subject of slavery is less inhuman and atrocious than that of the slave States on the American continent, north or south of the equator.

A steady advocate as I am for the most unfettered expression of opinion in speech or in writing, I should never have thought of complaining if I had been attacked on account of my statements; but I do think I am entitled to demand that in the free States of the continent of America people should be allowed to read what has been permitted to circulate from the first year of its appearance in a Spanish translation.

ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT.

Berlin, July, 1856.

NATURE AND POWER OF THE SLAVE STATES

From The Boston Atlas

ON the 5th of June last, the venerable Josiah Quincy, Senior, now at the advanced age of eighty-five, though still in the full vigor of his strong intellectual powers, delivered an address to the inhabitants of the town of Quincy on the above subject. An imperfect sketch of this powerful and eloquent address having appeared in the public journals, its author requested us to state that the report by no means did justice to his actual remarks on that occasion. The organ of the Government in this city chose to misapprehend Mr. Quincy's obvious meaning, and to infer, from his card, that it was less unfavourable to the sins of the Slave Power and its facile tools at Washington than would appear from the report in question. We ventured then to assure our contemporary that when the promised report, in full, of Mr. Quincy's address should appear, the *Post* would derive small comfort from anything it might find therein. We are now enabled, by the favour of its author, to make some extracts from Mr. Quincy's valuable and most important contribution to our present knowledge, in regard to the grasping nature and the dangerous power of the slave States, from the proof-sheets of a handsome pamphlet of 32 pages, 8vo., in the press of Messrs. Ticknor & Fields, and which is to appear early next week. We shall make no apologies to our readers for making so many and such extended extracts from its pages.

The high standing, the great experience and venerable age of Mr. Quincy, bringing the teaching of a long life, spent, though happily not yet exhausted, in combatting the advances of the power of slavery, all impart to this address a more than ordinary interest and attraction.

Since its delivery, Mr. Quincy's address has been much altered, enlarged and improved by the introduction of much new and valuable matter. It is dedicated "to the people of the Free States, who are entreated to consider the views and statements it presents." * * * The following extracts will not fail to commend themselves to the favourable consideration of our readers.

"The blow on the head of Sumner was not intended for him alone. It was struck at Liberty herself, in one of her most sacred temples. It was a public notice and declaration, to every man in the free States, that liberty of speech no longer existed in Congress, for him or for his Representative; that whoever, coming from the free States, dare to utter a word in opposition to the views, or in derogation of the power of slaveholders, will speak at the peril of life. There is nothing new in this system of intimidation. Fifty years ago, it was an approved practice of slaveholders. In that day, men from the free States, who were open opponents to the Administration, often carried pistols in self-defence. Others, urged by their friends to do it, declined; being unwilling, under any circumstances, to have the life of a fellow-being on their consciences. The only difference between our times and the past is this: heretofore they brandished the bludgeon; now they have brought it down. Formerly the bowie-knife was only seen in its sheath, or half drawn by way of terror; now it is seen glistening in their hands, or steeped in the blood of freemen in Kansas."

"The *art* by which, for more than fifty years, the slave States have subjugated the free States, and vested in their own hands all the power of the Union, they call *policy*. Its proper name is *cunning;* that 'left-handed wisdom,' as Lord Bacon calls it, which the devil practised in the garden of Eden—'divide and conquer.' By this they established the seat of national government in a slave country, and thus surrounded Congress with an atmosphere of slavery, and subjected the free States to its influences, in the place where the councils of the nation are held, and where the whole public sentiment is hostile to the principles of the free States; and where, in case of collisions, resulting in actions at law and indictments, slaveholders are judges, jurors and executioners. This location of the seat of government has been one of the most potent causes of that dominion over the nation which they have acquired.

"Again: by *cunning*, they inserted Louisiana into the Union, not only without the concurrence of the free States, but without so much as asking it—a measure which has been the Pandora's box of all our evils."

"Educated under circumstances which make pride and exercise of power the chief elements of their character, they come to Congress with the arrogant spirit of aristocratic despots; looking down on the Representatives of the free States as an inferiour class; jealous, fearful and hating all talents which they cannot command; courting, coaxing, fawning on all who will become their tools, so long as they are obedient—when their servility is no longer useful, throwing them away with contempt. The different states of society expand this arrogance. It is well known that, in the free States, there is no honour in fighting a duel; that, in most of them, to give or accept a challenge would put an end to a man's hope of political advancement. It is also well known that the public sentiment is altogether the reverse in the slave States. In these, to fight a duel is an evidence of gallantry. To kill a man in a duel is a glory, not a disgrace. Life itself depreciates, where killing a slave is often venial. For shooting a schoolmaster through the brain for whipping a refractory boy, juries acquit. According to the standard by which distributive justice is dispensed in a slaveholder's Court in the city of Washington, three hundred dollars is an ample retribution for an assault, endangering life and future usefulness, made by a member of the House of Representatives upon a Senator sitting in his seat in the Senate Chamber of the United States?"

"Several years ago, John Quincy Adams said to me, 'Insult, bullying and threat characterize the slaveholders in Congress; talk, *timidity* and submission, the Representatives from the free States.' What Adams calls '*timidity*,' is in them, for the reasons above stated, for the most part unavoidable. Men educated under moral, religious and refined influences, meet in Congress a class of men, of which, at home, they know nothing, and would not willingly meet anywhere; with many of whom, every second word is an oath; and who are always ready, with a pistol or offer of a duel, to support what they call their arguments. This class was always in Congress. Formerly they were only a part of the slaveholders in the two branches; now they probably constitute a majority. These men are always ready to insult, threaten and bully any member of Congress from the free States who dares to retort their obloquy; which, if he does, a duel is thrust into his face, as was recently into Mr. Wilson's, and which he so honourably repelled, in the temper and demeanour of a mild, firm spirit of civilized chivalry. Although the natural tendency of slavery is to deteriorate the morals and weaken the self-control of the masters of slaves, yet there always have been men raised in the slave States with an innate purity capable of repelling the influences of their condition, and endowed by nature with an herculean strength to strangle in manhood the serpents in whose coils their childhood and youth have been reared.

"Fifty years ago, there were two classes of slaveholders in Congress; the one, generous in spirit, polished in manners, true to the principles of liberty and the Constitution, uniting heart and hand with the Representatives from the Free States in objects and policy; of the same type and character as George Washington, John Marshall, William Pinckney, Henry W. Dessaussure, John Stanley, Nicholas Vandyke, Philip Stuart, Alexander Contee Hanson, and a host of others, too numerous to be recapitulated, in principle and views coincident with the Constitution, destitute of all desire to establish the supremacy of slaveholders. They spoke of slavery, like Patrick Henry, as 'a curse,' which blighted the prospects and weakened the strength of the slave States—with him deplored the necessity of holding men in bondage, declaring their belief that the time would come when 'an opportunity will be afforded *to abolish* this lamentable evil;' like Governor Randolph, they regarded themselves 'oppressed by slavery, and treated with disdain the idea that the slave States could stand by themselves;' with Judge Tucker, of Virginia, they thought, as he declared, that posterity '*would execrate the memory of those ancestors who, having the power to avert the evil of slavery, have, like their first parents, entailed a curse on all future generations.*'

"These men, far from threatening to go out of the Union, regarded and spoke of it as a main hope of dependence against their own slaves. They encouraged and supported every man from the free States who met the violence of the insolent class with appropriate spirit. They saw and lamented the character and conduct of the lower and baser slaveholders, who, coarse in language, overbearing in manner, caring nothing for the principles of liberty and the Constitution, came to Congress for the purpose of getting office or place, and, to that end, were as subservient to every nod of the administration as any slave to that of his master.

"The nobler class of slaveholders foresaw and foretold that the effect of the language and course of conduct of this violent class would gradually wear away the affections of the free States, and lead to a dissolution of the Union. These higher spirits could not submit to use the arts and language to obtain power to which the baser sort condescended, and, of consequence, lost their influence in their respective districts; to which these political fillibusters succeeded, and came to Washington, some to follow and some to direct the course of the administration, by whom they were rewarded according to their talents, their violence or their subserviency.

"In 1810, John Randolph, in whose mind Virginia included all the South, said to me, 'Virginia is no longer what it once was. The spirit of the old planters is departed or gradually wearing away: we are overrun by time-servers, office-hunters and political blacklegs.' In a letter to me dated 'Richmond, 22d March, 1814,' after giving a melancholy description of a visit he had just made to 'the seat of his ancestors, in the maternal line, at the confluence of the James and Appomattox Rivers,' he adds, '*The curse of slavery, however, an evil daily magnifying, great as it already is, imbitters many a moment of the Virginia landholder, who is not duller than the clod under his feet.*' And, recurring to the then-existing state of Virginia, in the same letter he adds, 'In your country, the state of society is not changed, the whole fabric uprooted, as it is with us. Here the rich vulgar are everybody and everything. You can almost smell the rum and cheese and loaf and lump-sugar out of which their mushroom fortunes have sprung, much more offensive to my nostrils than "muck and merinos." These fellows will never "get out of Black Friars;" and they make up in ostentation for other deficiencies of which they are always conscious, and sometimes ashamed.'

"Slaveholders have been, for fifty years, a few only excepted, the political masters of these States. Rampant with long-possessed authority, in the natural spirit of the class, they have now put on the lash, and are getting ready for use their fetters and manacles."

"But everybody asks, 'What is to be done to throw off this slaveholders' yoke?' The first step is to have a spirit and will to be free. If there is a will, the spirit of freemen will soon find a way. It is not the slaveholders' strength, but your folly. It is because they wake, and you sleep; because they unite and you divide; because they hold in their hands the means of corruption, and half of you perhaps are willing to be corrupted. This is bold language, it will be said. Boldness is one of the privileges of old age. When can a man have a right to be bold, if it be not when he is conscious of being prompted by truth and duty alone, and when a long life is behind him, and nothing before him but a daily-expected summons to the highest and most solemn of all tribunals?"

"Let any man examine the history of the United States, from the reign of Thomas Jefferson to that of Franklin Pierce, and he will find that, when the slaveholders have any particularly odious and obnoxious work to do, they never fail to employ the leaders of the democracy of the free States. This fact speaks volumes to the free States. In all estimates of their future duties it should never be forgotten, that every act by which their interests have been sacrificed, and the power of slaveholders increased, has been effected by the treachery of members of the free States."

"While the Louisiana bill was in its passage, it was said openly, by the author of this address, in Congress, 'If this bill passes, the bonds of this Union are virtually dissolved; the States which compose it are free from their moral obligations; and that as it will be the right of all, so it will be the duty of some, to prepare definitely for a separation—peacebly if they can, violently if they must.' The results and duties then stated are as true and incumbent at the present as they were at that day. The only difference is, that what was then but foreseen is now realized: what was then prophecy is now history.

"It is, then, manifest to the free States, that a *monstrous usurpation has been effected*, and is intended to be enlarged and perpetuated.

"The warning voice of Washington, in this state of things, is 'Let there be no change by usurpation.' He adds, 'Change by usurpation is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed.' Again: Washington advises, 'Resist with care the spirit of innovation upon the principles of the Constitution. The spirit of encroachment tends to consolidate the powers of all departments in one, and thus to create a real despotism.'"

"The free States are undeniably, at this day, in that very state of things in which the warning voice of Washington declared 'RESISTANCE TO BE THEIR DUTY.' During more than forty years, the spirit of a continued series of encroachments has established over them *the worst of all possible despotisms*—THAT OF SLAVEHOLDING. The manner in which this duty of resistance, so distinctly advised by Washington, is to be performed in the spirit which he advised, and which his life exemplified, is at this time the subject of earnest and solicitous consideration by the people of the free States. It will be my endeavour to throw some light on their duties, and on the course to be pursued in performing them."

"The history of our Union is little else than a record of the triumphs of slavery, through the instrumentality of the ambition, cupidity, and baseness of men from the free States. They aided the slaveholders in the calumnies and falsehoods by which Washington and his friends were first thrust out of power. When Jefferson, contrary to his avowed convictions, consented to make the Constitution of the United States a dead letter, for the purpose of opening an indefinitely wide field for the extension of the Slave Power, men from the free States seconded his plans and assisted in their execution. Without one trace of democracy in their hearts, more than Louis Napoleon has in his, men from the free States took up democracy as a trade, thus obtained influence in the free States, connected themselves with every administration which would accept their services, content even 'to be sutlers of the camp, since profits would accrue.' Through the influence of such men, who have been successively little else than traitors to the great interest of the free States, to liberty, humanity, and the progress of civilization, the slaveholder has taken possession of every arm of the Union, even of the fountains of justice itself."

"In 1820, when the Missouri Compromise question was in debate, John Calhoun said to John Quincy Adams, 'that he believed that the question then pending in Congress would produce a dissolution of the Union; but, if it should, *the South would be, from necessity, compelled to form an alliance, offensive and defensive, with Great Britain.*' Mr. Adams asked 'if that would not be returning to the Colonial state.' Calhoun said, 'Yes, pretty much; but it would be forced upon them.' Mr. Adams inquired, 'whether he thought, if, by the effect of this alliance, offensive and defensive, the population of the North should be cut off from its natural outlet upon the ocean, it would fall back upon its rocks, bound hand and foot, to starve, or whether it would not retain its powers of locomotion to move southward by land.' Mr. Calhoun replied, 'Then it would be necessary for the South *to make their communities all military.*' Thus this glorious plan of 'going out of the Union' will result, according to Mr. Calhoun's opinion, first, in a return to a state of colonial subjection to Great Britain; and, second, to a hopeful independence under the military prowess of *three hundred thousand whites* to keep in subjection *three million of slaves.*

"At the coming election, I cannot doubt that the free States, in which the greatest proportion of practical wisdom, active talent, and efficient virtue exists, will take possession of this; restore to the Constitution the proportions of power established by Washington; reinstate, in full force, that barrier against the extension of slavery, called 'the Missouri Compromise'; make Kansas a free State; and put an end forever to the addition of any more slave States to this Union—duties to be fulfilled *at every hazard* even at the dissolution of the Union itself. If this Union is destined to break to pieces, it cannot fall in a more glorious struggle than in the endeavour to limit the farther extension of slavery—that disgrace of our nation, and curse of our race.

"From the depths of the human heart, Nature, abjuring as she does, all right of one man to have property in another, calls on the people of the free States to be faithful to these duties. The spirit of liberty, to whom Washington intrusted the preservation of this Union, calls on them to relieve her from the shame of being longer an instrument to propagate slavery, and a pander for oppression. Unborn millions, destined hereafter to fill the earth from the Mississippi to the Pacific, cry to them, from the depths of all future ages, to be faithful to their great trust; exclaiming: '*On your faithfulness it depends, whether we shall become the depraved subjects or ministers of a slave despotism; whether fraud, violence, and an infamous traffic, shall be our destiny, or the enjoyment of the pure light of liberty, morality and religion.*'"

THE CONDITION OF KANSAS.

REPORT OF THE BUFFALO CONVENTION COMMITTEE.

NIAGARA, Monday, Aug. 11, 1856.

To the National Committee for Aid of Kansas:

GENTLEMEN: The undersigned respectfully report as follows:

Their mission had the double purpose of ascertaining by personal observation the actual condition and wants of the settlers in Kansas, and also of the several bodies of Free State emigrants supposed to be on the road thither.

They learned at St. Louis and elsewhere that no anti-slavery man who scorned to deny or conceal his name and his sentiments could attempt to enter Kansas by the Missouri River without great risk of being insulted, abused and turned back.

It has been said that men going quietly about their business, and not proclaiming anti-slavery sentiments, would not be molested. This, however, is not true in any just sense; at least, of men having strong convictions and indisposed to deny them when called for. Any traveller towards Kansas is liable to be reported, by spies, to vigilance committees, or bands of bullies, who take law into their own hands (cowing the honest inhabitants of Missouri), who accost strangers, force them to declare their business and their sentiments, and maltreat them and turn them back, if such sentiments are displeasing to the inquisitors.

Some travellers, indeed, may escape, but this is because the system of spying is not complete, and the vigilance of the Ruffians is sometimes dulled by whiskey or by sleep; but the fact is patent, that anti-slavery men are proscribed, hunted for, and their free passage barred by bullies—so patent, indeed, that it has been common for Eastern men (even of pro-slavery tendencies) to erase marks from their luggage, and destroy papers, before entering Missouri, lest their place of residence should be known. To a system of espionage which apes the Austrian, is added a system of brigandage which excels the Neapolitan.

When it is considered that this inquisition and terrorism prevail upon the great thoroughfare of our country, and that men are subjected to it solely because they will not deny their love of freedom and hatred of slavery—solely because they cannot pronounce a shibboleth, and be declared "*all right on the goose*"—then must Americans hang their heads, and confess the existence of a tyranny which puts down free speech in a large part of their boasted Republic.

It is an untruth and a bitter mockery to say that travellers can have redress by appealing to the Courts of Justice. The peaceful and just citizens of Missouri in the infected district dare not protect strangers who are denounced by the Border Ruffians as "*blue-bellied Abolitionists*," and victims who have tried to appeal to court have been subjected to renewed insult, to violence, and some even put to death. These are painful truths. The undersigned, therefore, preferred to make a tedious journey around Missouri, by Iowa, though it led through 300 miles of sparsely settled country, unprovided with coaches, hotels, or the ordinary facilities for travel, but where the scattered settlers in their log cabins enjoy and permit free speech.

During this journey the undersigned passed several parties of emigrants from the free States toiling slowly along on foot towards Kansas and Nebraska—their families and furniture drawn by oxen. Some were forced to take this circuit because they dared not follow the route through Missouri. Other parties were met returning Eastward, disheartened by the difficulty of the way and by the dangers ahead.

The tendency of Americans to emigrate Westward and fill up new countries, is too strong to need any assistance from Emigrant Aid Societies under ordinary circumstances, or to be entirely checked by any common difficulties; but what a comment upon the practical workings of our system is found in the fact that men must dodge and skulk through Missouri, or make this long, round-about, tedious and costly journey through Iowa to get into the Territories which the law declares open to all!

One test of the power and justice of a government is its ability and disposition to shield its humblest subject. To say "I am a Roman citizen" was once a safe passport the world over; but the American Government cannot, or will not give its citizens the protection at home which the Roman Government, even when administered by tyrants, gave to Romans abroad.

Having passed through Iowa, the undersigned crossed the Upper Missouri to Nebraska City, and, entering the Territory, found that several parties of emigrants, from various parts of the free States, had congregated together, and were encamped in tents and wagons upon the open prairie, about forty miles north of the frontier of Kansas.

New difficulties and delays here occurred. The report of the approach of this "emigration" had stirred up commotion in Missouri, and the Ruffians were again upon the border. A large band was posted as far east as Marysville; and smaller parties were scouring the frontier to ascertain at what point the emigrants meant to cross. The undersigned could not enter Kansas, even through this remote pass, except by running a muck over the frontier, and risking encounter with bands of mounted ruffians, who are ever ready to pounce upon parties smaller than their own; or else, by waiting until the whole body of emigrants could move. For the first, they had no great inclination, not having come out prepared to fight; and for the second, they had no time. They have gathered, however, much evidence from various sources respecting the state of things in Kansas. There are in the encampment many noble men who were driven out during the late troubles, or obliged to go to the States on business, and who are now seeking to return. There are individuals, and even whole families, in Nebraska and in Iowa, near the frontier, who were driven out. There are men who have left Kansas within a few weeks. From all these sources the undersigned gathered evidence which will be laid before the Committee; suffice it to say now, that thousands in Kansas are suffering actual privation and want, in consequence of the late outrages, and their prospects for the coming Winter are dreary indeed, because the general anxiety and uncertainty about the future paralyzes all business. Many would get away if they had the means. Several thousand dollars, forwarded by the Boston Committee, reached in good time, and their distribution gave great relief and inspired fresh hope. A responsible man, writing to one of the undersigned, says, "The distribution has saved Kansas for a time."

The undersigned proceed to state what they learned from observation concerning the emigrants upon the road toward Kansas. There are between Iowa City and the encampment in Nebraska about 500. Four-fifths are in and about the encampment, and of these a minute account is subjoined. About 100 more are *en route* to join them. The advanced party of about 400, including about 40 women and children, is made up of smaller parties from various parts of the country. Some left their homes months ago, upon their own voluntary motion, without any knowledge of the movements of other parties. Most of them started at their own expense; though some received aid and encouragement from Committees formed for counteracting the attempt made to stop Free State emigration.

The various parties naturally tended to a junction at the southwest corner of Iowa, and the foremost there, learning that their entrance into Kansas would meet armed opposition, and not being well armed, halted, until gradually the encampment grew to its present size.

As only part of them had originally contemplated forcible entrance into Kansas, and were, therefore, imperfectly armed, and as they wished to exhaust all peaceful means, the leaders of the various parties united in an address to the Commandant at Fort Leavenworth, setting forth that they were peaceful emigrants, that their passage was barred by armed men, and asking for an escort of United States troops. The trusty messenger should have been back in a week, but nearly two weeks elapsed and he was not heard of. They then despatched a copy of the address by a second messenger, Rev. Mr. Stunn, whose return they now await.

The undersigned have visited and sojourned with this party of emigrants, and they can confidently testify to its character.

Many are pious people, and observe the rites of religion, and keep the Sabbath reverently. Beside preaching, they have Bible classes, and Sunday schools for the young. This is especially the case with the Wisconsin emigrants, who have their wives and children with them. They are temperance men; intelligent, moral, industrious and earnest men, who would make good citizens anywhere. They form the most numerous party, and, from their numbers and their earnest character, naturally give a tone to the whole emigration. In their sojourn in the camp, the undersigned did not witness, by night or by day, any dram-drinking, or carousing, or disorder of any kind; and they fully believe that the great majority of the emigrants are earnest and honest men, fully impressed with the importance of their position, and determined to do nothing which will dishonour it. Some wild young men have left, and some may still remain, but the natural exuberance of their age is repressed or healthfully modified by the sobriety of those in mature life, who feel the great importance of their position, and the critical posture of the expedition.

In a meeting of the leaders, which was attended by the undersigned, the affairs of the emigration were discussed, and resolutions for action adopted, with the most perfect order and decorum. It was held in a grove, with no canopy but leaves, and no carpet but the grass. There was no speaker's desk, and none of the usual insignia of authority; but the lofty bearing and resolute looks of the leaders, as they stood with folded arms around the towering form of their chief, gave imposing interest to the scene, and called to mind pictures which we form of the Pilgrim Fathers in the old time.

It will be seen that this large body is composed mainly of men of intelligence and respectability; that their congregating in such numbers is not the result of any previous concerted action; that it naturally grew out of the obstacles placed in the way of emigration; that but for such obstacles, several of the parties would have gone long ago quietly into Kansas; that even now the party is very imperfectly armed; that it had no previous military organization; and that if now obliged to take measures to arm and organize for their future progress, it will only be because there is armed and organized opposition to their maintaining their clear right of entering and settling in the Territory.

It may be regarded as unfortunate that the party were joined in Iowa by the men raised by Col. Lane; for though his immediate followers were only a fourth of the whole number, yet, as he was a man of some notoriety—as he had made his preparations with considerable flourish—as he was, moreover, very active and zealous, and is considered a brave and skilful military leader—he naturally obtained considerable influence over the whole, and the congregated party came to be known to the country as "Lane's Expedition." This placed it in a false position before the North, where men were not prepared for armed and organized emigrations, and gave to its enemies a pretext for calling it a military or *fillibustering* expedition.

There was the further disadvantage that bands of armed Missourians might come up, as a Marshal's posse, and arrest Lane on the charge of treason, and disperse the company under pretext of law: for, though the most of the men are fearless of open enemies, they are almost superstitious in their dread of anything in the shape of law.

These things were seen by the principal men some time ago, and were admitted by Col. Lane, who, though naturally very desirous of thrashing the Border Ruffians, and believing he could thrash them if they were not more than five to one, yet has the cause of Kansas at heart. He was earnestly solicited to remain behind in the States, and finally consented, most reluctantly, to do so; and the emigrants crossed into Nebraska under the guidance of Mr. Dickie, of Topeka, who had been chosen leader by general consent.

Col. Lane, however, extorted a pledge that if the Missourians should attack the expedition while yet near the frontier of Iowa, a message should be sent instantly to him, that he might join the fray, if it were only as a common soldier.

The undersigned used what influence they could to make sure of the continuance of this arrangement by inducing Col. Lane to go so far into the States that it would be manifestly impossible for him to have anything to do with the expedition under any circumstances; and they can testify to his reluctance to go where he could not have a hand in the fight, if one should be forced upon the emigrants. He took rather a soldier's view, and feared some imputation upon his bravery, forgetful that true courage should make a man brave any opinions for the sake of a righteous cause.

Such was the actual condition of this emigration on the last day of July. They would wait the week out, and, if no answer came to their application for escort, or if the answer should be unfavourable, then they would march forward and protect themselves as well as they could.

The resolutions, adopted in solemn conclave of the leaders, were that if opposed by Missourians, they would fight their way forward; that if met by United States troops, they would persist in their clear right of advancing, arms in hand; if opposed by force, they would not use their arms, yet would not yield them, but retire upon free soil and wait the action of the several States whose citizens they are, and whose protection they will claim.

If they can cross the frontier, they will immediately enter upon "claims," erect their log houses, and form a line of Free State settlers along the line to Topeka, but near enough for mutual protection. The way will then be opened, and the tide of emigration can pour in; but they must have encouragement and aid sufficient to overcome the obstacles, material and moral, which have been placed in the way, and the effect of which will be felt for a long time.

In either case continued and ample aid will be needed from the free States; for the emigrants can do little for their own maintenance this year, and will soon lack means of support. Though many of them went out of their own accord, and had no pledge of assistance from home, yet circumstances have arisen which place them in the situation of champions of Free State Rights, and they should be maintained in their position.

Under ordinary circumstances, more aid would not be required, and, if given ostentatiously, might be considered as encouraging sectional feeling and strife; but now the free States cannot refuse it without abandoning a high principle, and forsaking those who assert it at the peril of their lives and fortunes.

It is no longer a question between Pro-Slavery and Anti-Slavery men in Kansas, but there is an open issue between the Free States and Slave States. Missourians, countenanced by their State Government and by the Federal Administration, and openly supported by men and munitions from the Southern States, oppose, by a system of terrorism, and by force and arms, the settlement of national territory by emigrants from the free States. Appeals to Courts and to Congress are useless; for, while making them, pro-slavery men will continue to rush in, and Kansas will be lost to Freedom.

Those emigrants are testing the question of Free State rights practically, at their own dear cost and at the peril of their lives. Let them be instantly and ably seconded. Let the Committee pour in funds, and let the National Committee at once forward supplies and fresh settlers; and let everything that is lawful and proper be done at once, and openly and boldly done, to save Kansas and Nebraska, and the vast regions around them, from the blighting curse of Human Slavery.

With due respect,

S. G. HOWE,
THADDEUS HYATT.

[The Committee append to their report a detailed statement of the condition of the different Emigrating Societies, which assembled in the encampment, near Nebraska City, on the 30th of July. They say of these Societies:]

The fare of almost the entire company has been of the plainest description, such only as soldiers are accustomed to. Yet, throughout the whole encampment, no discontent at their privations manifested itself. All was cheerful and hopeful. But one complaint seemed universal, and that was the *want of arms*. The reports of hostile parties on the border, brought in by the scouts, caused the men to feel keenly the absence of proper means of self-defence. "We are willing," said they, "to endure privations. We are not afraid to meet enemies; we are not afraid to meet death; but we would like, for our lives, an even chance at least. We ought to be provided with arms. We ought not to go in with our naked hands to meet foes armed to the teeth, and then, if overpowered and driven back, be charged with cowardice by men at the North, who do all their fighting while sitting in cushioned chairs within the happy shadows of their own comfortable homes."

*KIDNAPPED AND SOL

and brutality in the Senate, it would do more than anything else, short of an express act of Congress, to stop the course of violence and blood. In this most fearful condition of our land, is their silence right? And if we continue our correspondence and are silent too, do we fulfil our duty?

ADDRESS TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

From The (London) Anti-Slavery Reporter.

THE following Address to the Abolitionists of the United States was passed at the last General meeting of the Committee of the *British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society*:

TO THE ABOLITIONISTS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

"The Committee of the *British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society*, impressed with a deep sense of the responsibility which rests upon the Abolitionists of the United States of America at the present crisis, desire to address to them a few words of sympathy and encouragement.

"The Committee have watched with anxious interest the progress of opinion in the United States in favour of the freedom of the slave, and appreciate the efforts of the Abolitionists to imbue the public mind with a conviction of the guilt which rests upon a nation that upholds so iniquitous an institution as slavery, and of the disgrace and infamy which it brings upon it in the eyes of the civilized world. But they have also observed, with sorrow and apprehension, the augmenting hostility of its advocates, and the unscrupulous manner in which measures have been introduced for the extension of their power and influence. The recent acts of violence in Kansas, and the murderous assault committed on one of the most distinguished anti-slavery men of the United States, demonstrate that the partisans of slavery are prepared to go to any extreme to achieve their object, whilst the excitement their lawless transactions have caused throughout the North, render imminent the danger of collision between these two sections of the Union, unless the greatest Christian forbearance be exercised by those who, having right and justice on their side, and a rapidly-growing public sentiment in their favour, may trustingly await the blessing of God upon their exertions in behalf of the oppressed.

"Whatever difference of opinion may exist amongst the Abolitionists on certain points, the Committee believe they are unanimous in regarding slaveholding with abhorrence, as 'a sin and a crime before God,' and therefore not to be upheld or tolerated under any circumstances; and that they are equally earnest in their desire to see it immediately abolished.

"It is not for the Committee to suggest to their fellow-labourers in the United States the course they should adopt to secure the triumph of their principles. Nevertheless, in assuring them of their sympathy in the arduous conflict to which they are committed, and with a just appreciation of the difficulties of their position, and a knowledge of the fierce opposition they have to encounter, the provocations to which they are subjected, and even the personal danger to which some of them may be exposed, the Committee venture to express an earnest hope that, as they have so noble, so righteous a cause to defend—one that commands the esteem of all right-minded Christian men—they will not be betrayed into a violation of the precepts and example of Him whose mission was 'Peace on earth, and good will to men.' Appalling as are the evils of slavery, not only in relation to those who are victims, and those who think themselves immediately interested in its maintenance, but in the corrupting influence it exercises on the community at large, socially, politically and religiously, the history of all nations teaches the salutary lesson, that a resort to arms, for the purpose of redressing wrongs or asserting rights, is pregnant with the heaviest calamities; and were the Abolitionists of the United States to have recourse to violence, the cause of Emancipation would probably be indefinitely retarded, and the sufferings and misery of the slaves increased.

"The Committee are aware that whilst many of the most sincere friends of Emancipation in the United States would deprecate such a course, as antagonistic to Christian principle and to sound policy, others, equally sincere, do not entertain the same views. In the hope that a unanimity of sentiment in favour of peaceable measures may be promoted, the Committee would earnestly entreat and encourage their fellow-labourers in America to make a firm but temperate appeal to the enlightened opinion of the nation, depending for strength to maintain their principles on the righteousness of their cause, and on the immutable justice of our common Father. Be they assured that their victory is likely to be rendered, ultimately, more complete by their adherence to Christian principle throughout a struggle on which the eyes of Christendom are anxiously fixed, than by resorting to violence and bloodshed.

On behalf of the Committee,

(Signed) G. W. ALEXANDER, Treas.
S. A. CHAMEROVZOW.

"27 New Broad Street, London, 4th July, 1856."

MRS. WEBB'S SUCCESS IN ENGLAND.

From The London Times, July 29.

"UNCLE TOM" and his Cabin have not yet disappeared from the gaze of the London public. Yesterday afternoon, a long line of carriages, drawn up before Stafford House, the residence of the Duchess of Sutherland, declared to the West End world that some new attraction had brought together several members of the higher circles. Mrs. M. E. Webb, a lady of colour, daughter of a Spanish gentleman and of a female slave of Virginia, had recently arrived in London bringing with her a dramatized version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, composed by Mrs. Stowe herself, for the purpose of a public reading, and the hall of the splendid mansion in St. James' had been granted to her by the Duchess, as the site of the entertainment. Placed behind a reading-desk, Mrs. Webb read in a clear voice, and with great signs of intelligence, the interesting scenes that had been prepared for her, and which comprised the most celebrated dialogues and incidents in the celebrated novel. Without exactly acting the different parts, she discriminated them with a great deal of nicety, and the dark hue of her delicately formed countenance gave a characteristic tone to the performance. The Earl of Shaftesbury and several distinguished adherents of the philanthropic party were among her audience, which could scarcely be surpassed in brilliancy. Mrs. Webb has already appeared with success in several of the chief towns of the United States, and from the interest which she excited yesterday, it is not improbable that she may find a large number of patrons in this country.

From The London Herald, July 29.

The Duchess of Sutherland, with characteristic kindness, permitted a mulatto lady of the above name to give a reading of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," yesterday morning, at Stafford House. The novel in question has been thrown into a dramatic shape by the authoress—that is, she has selected the leading scenes incident to the flight of Eliza with her child, the religious intercourse of Eva with Uncle Tom, and the murder of the latter by Legree, turning such of the narrative into dialogue as was necessary to preserve the outward shape of drama, and secure something like coherence. Those, however, who have not read the original story, if such a person there be, will penetrate but slightly below its surface by a perusal or hearing of the "Christian Slave." Still the adaptation has been made for the worthiest of objects—that of serving the pecuniary interests of a lady of colour, who has been left under peculiar circumstances of dependence, and with no other resources than those derivable from the exercise of certain elocutionary gifts. Mrs. Mary E. Webb, we are informed, is a native of Massachusetts, and, according to the laws of Virginia, a slave—"could the claim to her person be legally established." The daughter of a Spanish gentleman of wealth, she received during her youth a good education, and eventually married a merchant of Philadelphia, whose failure in business, after she had for some time been leading a life of comfort and affluence, induced her to take steps to turn to practical account that elocutionary genius to which we have already alluded. Her public success, it seems, was unbounded; so much so, that Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe prepared for her exclusive use the dramatic modification of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," which we were yesterday invited to listen to at Stafford House.

Mrs. Webb is about seven and twenty years of age. She is a mulatto of unusually dark hue, but the contour of the face is no less handsome than the expression is amiable and pleasing. Standing behind a desk at the foot of the staircase which spans the magnificent entrance hall of the Duke of Sutherland's mansion, she went through the reading—in the presence of a large assemblage of the nobility—with undeniable skill and address. Her voice is remarkable for the mellowness of its tones; at the same time it is evidently capable of great variety of inflexion. Her delivery of the pathetic passages of the "drama" was impregnated with much nature and touching feeling; while those which involved apostrophes to the goodness of the Almighty, and the sanctifications of piety and faith, were expressed with sincere and impressive solemnity. The more serious portions of the reading were, we thought, the best; but to the nationalities of Sam, Aunt Chloe, and other well known personages, she did not fail to communicate the commic tinge which the graphic dialogue of Mrs. Stowe so immediately suggests. Her experience in prelections of the kind were signified in the readiness with which she adopted the voices of the different speakers, and conducted without confusion long and intricate conversations.

We believe it is the intention of Mrs. Webb to give a series of readings both in London and the provinces. She has begun under the highest auspices—the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Argyll, the Earl of Shaftsbury, and other benevolent and influential individuals interested in the extinction of slavery and the usurpations of a cruel prejudice, having taken her warmly and cordially by the hand.

HONOUR TO MR. SUMNER.—The degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon the Hon. Charles Sumner by Amherst College. The announcement of Mr. Sumner's name (says the Springfield *Republican*) "brought down the house" in a round of hearty cheers; and this recalls the fact that when Prof. Haven, yesterday, pronounced the names which he deemed honourable illustrations of liberal culture, only the name of Sumner was received with an outburst of enthusiasm.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 23, 1856.

IF the American Abolitionists have a virtue, it is that of patience. And yet this is the very one their unfriends are most apt to deny them. A clergyman of great eminence and a President of a College was applauded as for a wise and witty thing when he said, in reference to them, that "it was in vain to hurry God!" As if the statement of the plainest laws of God and earnest adjurations to men to conform their conduct thereunto as the only way of safety and happiness, were indecent interruptions of the Divine leisure and impertinent interferences with the deliberate method of the Almighty! The sum and substance of Abolitionism is the assertion of the right of every man, derived directly from God, to the custody of his own body and the charge of his own soul, and the logical carrying out of this truth to its natural consequences, as far as they affect the American Slaves. We do not believe the Most High will be wroth with us as intermeddlers with the scheme of his providence in thus promulgating and enforcing his own laws, however men may be for the disturbance we thereby occasion to their own selfish activities or quietisms. We believe that God works by instruments and that they who take for their text four millions of God's children robbed of every birth-right he endowed them withal, and preach the duty of restoring to them the patrimony they have been stripped of by force and fraud, are quite as much co-workers with him as any doctors of divinity that urge men to receive doctrines or to live lives which they hold to be conformable to the Divine standard. We do not believe that there is any more indecent haste in urging men to flee from the wrath that is sure to come upon all practising or countenancing the Sum of All Villanies than in warning them against the inevitable penalties attaching to any of its several component parts.

If we Abolitionists have not the graces of patience and faith, we are indeed of all men most miserable. The way of life which we have chosen is not strewed with roses, nor does it lead to the great prizes for which men strive. If we do not believe that we are not hurrying, but reverently following the leading of God, and doing works which are well-pleasing in his sight and sure of being in fullness of time crowned with success, we are surely the most unreasonable and unaccountable of human beings—and especially of that portion of them whose lot is cast in this country. The Abolitionists are not without the natural proclivity of their nation to assentation. They would like to agree with the opinions of their neighbours as well as others. They have not delighted in the revilings, the slanders, the vilipendings, the social ostracism, the mob violence, the inconveniences and losses they have had to encounter in order to live faithful lives and to bear uncompromising testimonies. It is not because they do not like ease and promotion and prosperity, that they have risked them all that a great and beneficent truth might have free course and be glorified. But they have discovered that there is something better worth striving after in the world than the gratification of their own private ends and selfish ambitions. That every generation has a task given it to do for others as well as for themselves, and that their lives are mutilated and maimed if they do not embrace this work in their aims as well as what satisfies the needs of the body or the passions of the soul. And it has been given to them to see that the Abolition of Negro Slavery in this nation, is the appointed business of this generation in this country, and they feel that whatever else they may do they must not leave this work undone. They must have faith in the certainty of final success and patience to abide it, however long it may tarry. Their organized existence is a proof of the possession of these qualities—for they are, indeed, the very breath of their nostrils.

And we think it is not too much to assume that the Abolitionists might have had their share of the glittering prizes for which men contend in the games of life had they chosen to enter the lists for them. We do not think it presumptuous to affirm that the ranks of the extremest Anti-Slavery Idea contain men quite as capable of conducting the affairs of the nation as any of those to whom they have been entrusted since the movement began. Nay, had they been willing to relax but the stern severity of their inflexible loyalty to their highest idea of duty, we think there are those among them who might have occupied the public positions they have been the means of giving to others and shared the prosperity which has crowned others who have followed after them at a distance. The Anti-Slavery movement has placed many men in the Senate and House at Washington who would not have reached those seats had that movement not existed and given the impulse to the tide which has borne them on to fortune. So, by a judicious adaptation of Anti-Slavery truths to the constitutional capacity of the public to bear them, men of tact and ability have achieved great financial successes. Had the stern old Puritan Abolitionists been willing to serve the people with the milk of the Anti-Slavery word instead of insisting on feeding them with the very strongest meats they could attain unto, might not they, too, have won their share of popularity and of prosperity? We think we are not extravagant in saying that there are men within the ranks of the American Anti-Slavery Society no whit inferior to any of the men who have achieved the very highest of these political or pecuniary successes.

The difficulty is that that the Abolitionist of the Old School is always just too much in advance of the public feeling and opinion to expect its encouragement and support. The Abolitionists have led public opinion by always keeping in the van, and thus they have brought it up to the half-way covenant estate in which it now finds itself. And if it is ever to be brought up to higher ground and a more perfect confession of faith, it can only be by the same philosophy and the same method. The men who know how to meet the exact state of the general mind, who can feel the pulse of the public and know just what it is ready to receive and just what it can bear, they are the ones that win of it golden opinions and golden rewards. There are newspapers at this moment to whom the people pay princely revenues for teaching the same doctrines and using the same language for which Mr. Garrison was mobbed, twenty years ago, by the Property and Standing of Boston, and to suppress which riot was let loose in every city and almost every village. We do not complain of this. We rejoice at it. It denotes a foregone conclusion. It shows that the honey was made, though the bees made it for others than themselves; that the ground has been well ploughed and planted, though other than the husbandmen have entered into their labours. Had the Abolitionists had the private ends which are sometimes imputed to them, could they not have reaped thus as well as sowed? They might, but it would have been at the cost of stinting the harvests of the future. It would have been feeding themselves on the seed corn that is yet to spring up to make glad the hearts of men with yet more golden blessings.

We see no inconsistency in recognising and rejoicing at the strivings of men to work out the problem of Slavery with the beggarly elements of the Constitution and Union, because they tell of an inward state which will not rest where it stands now. Long years ago we stood just where these men stood, and believed in the potency of the same instrumentalities. And then we stood as much alone as we do now, and men mocked at us for fools and madmen. Now a mighty party has arisen in the very footsteps we left behind us so long ago, and that with a possibility of seizing the helm of the nation. And yet we seem as impracticable and extreme as we did at that time to the scoffers of twenty years ago, many of whom are prominent Republicans of to-day. To fall back upon that old position would be folly or worse; but it is wisdom to recognise the growing Anti-Slavery idea which has led others up to it, who can hardly avoid advancing beyond it. To show them the hopelessness of gaining even the modified good they seek, while using the tactics and the weapons in which they trust, and to lead them on to posts far in advance of this one, is our appointed work. We can well afford to have the material advantages which must follow in the train of an Idea gathering strength and moving on to victory fall to the share of those that come after us. These never entered into the account of those that enlisted in this warfare in its early stages. All that we must rigorously demand is fidelity to the standard of Anti-Slavery they themselves set up. We must always maintain and demonstrate that that standard is not the highest; but as long as they do not fall short of it, we cannot judge them with a judgment from which they have no appeal. We must remember the vast difference there is between accepting doctrines and methods as absolutely right and admitting them to be approximations in the right direction.

It is curious to see how the instinct of the slaveholders shows them the hand of original Abolitionism in the most qualified form of opposition to their aggressions. The Republican party, for instance, has eliminated the element of Anti-Slavery out of its platform as carefully as they knew how. They disclaim any organized hostility to Slavery or any designs upon it anywhere that it now exists. All it proposes to itself is to make Kansas a Free State after the pattern of New York and Massachusetts, through the streets of whose chief cities slaves have been led in triumph back to bondage. In one of the attempts to corner the enemy in Congress, the members of the party there were willing to incorporate the Fugitive Slave Law into the code that was to operate on the Territory. And why not? The party has never opened its mouth against that law or in behalf of the Slave as a Slave. The white man in Kansas and the maintenance of the balance of power between the Free and Slave States are all it contemplates. A narrower platform, or one narrowed down to a sharper point, it would be hard to conceive of. And yet the Slaveholders see in this sharpened point the edge of the wedge which is to split off Slavery from them, or themselves from the Northern States, in which is all their hope of safety. Orators and editors strive to make it clear that a great gulf separates themselves from the technical Abolitionists. But in vain is the silence of platforms and the eloquence of political disclaimers. The Slaveholders see in it all nothing but Abolitionism, and in the men nothing but Abolitionists. And when they wish to incarnate the idea they have of it, they baptize the movement by the name of Garrison. And it is a true instinct that tells them that this Republican party is an outgrowth of the most extreme Abolitionism, and, if not checked and destroyed, that it must grow more and more into the likeness of its parent stock. They are building better than they know, and they will know better how to build all the sooner for the refusal of the Abolitionists to acknowledge them as the authentic architects of the future fortunes of the country.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard:

I WAS a little mirth-provoked *myself* at reading your criticisms of my article of last week, so pray let me say a word in review thereof; and if thereby I demonstrate my lack of common sense, why, so let it be.

Your use of the adjective "excellent" was without qualification or direction as to the points that were so; but, stating that Mr. May went unequivocally for Republicanism, you pronounce comprehensively his oration *excellent*. In what beside Republicanism its excellence consists, you do not tell us, but we are left to infer that that is its chief excellence. (1)

But, say you, the *Era*, *Tribune* and *Herald* quote from the same issue of THE STANDARD to prove your opposition to Republicanism. So they do; but they do not quote your remarks at all, (2) but from Pillsbury's speech, and a letter which you publish, neither of which do you endorse, or pronounce *excellent*, but commend them to the *consideration* of your readers, wisely saying that "many of them will probably dissent from their conclusions." (3)

Now, instead of sustaining yourselves in these justifications against my criticisms, I think you but show their justness by the very evidence you adduce.

You say, "the brief notice was written in a *great hurry*." Well, that is a good justification, at least the best, and, I think, the only one offered that is at all satisfactory. (4)

As to the mistake of Mr. May being "an old non-voting Disunionist" I think you are mistaken, and that I am right, but shall be glad to know that you are right, and myself wrong. H.

Worcester, August 17, 1856.

Remarks.

1. "H." must excuse us for telling him plainly that *he knew* perfectly well before he penned his first communication that THE STANDARD was fully committed against the Republican party, and that the little paragraph to which he refers, though liable to be misunderstood by a stranger, *could* not have been intended to convey the meaning which he persists in attaching to it.

2. Leading Republican journals—the *Evening Post* and the *Times* among them—*did* quote our editorial remarks as evidence of our hostility to the Republican party, while others alluded both to what *we* had said and what had been said by others in our columns. The *Era*, though it did not quote our words, said expressly, "THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, the organ of the Garrison Abolitionists, TAKES STRONG GROUND AGAINST THE REPUBLICAN PARTY." And it said no more than the truth. *The Tribune*, if we mistake not, said the same thing. What if these journals did *not* deem it necessary to quote *our* words, while they *did* quote what others had said in our columns? Does that fact contradict their positive declarations as to *our* position?

3. Here our correspondent is compelled to misquote us in order to support his argument. He says that, in commending Mr. Pillsbury's speech and the extract from a colporteur's letter to our readers, we "wisely" said, "many of them will probably dissent from *their* conclusions." What we *did* say was, "Many of them will probably dissent from *some* of *his* [Mr. Pillsbury's] conclusions." We meant, as "H." very well knows, not that any of our Disunion readers differed from Mr. P. as to the duty of staying away from the polls, but that they would probably deem some of his expressions too severe. The extract from the colporteur's letter was not intended for the public, being part of a private communication, but we inserted it because we thought there was need of the admonition it conveyed. And, so far from intimating that our readers were likely to dissent from anything contained in it, we even forbore to express our decided repugnance to the epithet "infernal" as applied to the Republican party, presuming our readers would be willing, like ourselves, to "pardon something to the spirit of liberty." What we did say was as follows:

"THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.—It would be superfluous to invite attention to the speech of PARKER PILLSBURY, on the first page, since all our readers will naturally give earnest heed to the counsels of one whose long experience, tried fidelity and clear insight clothe his words with power. Many of them will probably dissent from some of his conclusions, but such will none the less respect the independence and courage exhibited in giving expression to his views. We are sorry to learn that some of those who have heretofore ranked as Disunionists and friends of the American Anti-Slavery Society are likely to yield to the temptation of voting, *just this once*, under a Constitution which they confess is stained with the slave's blood. To such we commend Mr. Pillsbury's speech, and also the following extract of a letter just received from a clear-sighted Abolitionist in Massachusetts, whose faithful labours in the thankless office of a *colporteur* entitle his sentiments to respect."

With this paragraph before him, "H." affected to believe that THE STANDARD was either in favour of the Republican party or holding an equivocal position!

4. The eagerness of our correspondent to make us "an offender for a word" was creditable neither to his candour nor good sense. Why, when he read the little paragraph of which he complains and found it conveying, as he supposed, a meaning utterly inconsistent with the whole course of the paper, did he not charitably conclude that, *of course*, we had written hastily or carelessly? If there was not a foregone determination, or at least a too eager willingness, to put us in a false position and raise a doubt of our fidelity to the cause, why, before even asking for an explanation, did he address us in the language of censure and rebuke?

WM. WELLS BROWN.—Our friend Powell, in a letter dated at Ghent, Columbia Co., August 13th, says: "We have recently had an interesting visit from Wm. Wells Brown. Mr. B. had two meetings here, and gave a reading of his *Drama* to an invited company. Our friends, who had never before met with Mr. Brown, were deeply interested in his lectures, and were delighted with his amusing and instructive Drama, in which he teaches 'how to give a Northern man a Backbone.'

"Political enthusiasm is running high in this vicinity; however, there were near fifty signatures obtained to the *Disunion Petition*, and forwarded to Washington."

THE dependence of the South upon the North in the domain of the useful arts is illustrated by the fact that the "Minden Female College," in North-western Louisiana, lately sent all the way to New York to get its Annual Report printed. "A long way to go," says the *New Orleans Picayune*, "for a printing job."

SHALL WE VOTE FOR FREMONT?

"If you will have free soil, a free press, free speech, and be yourselves freemen—then go to the polls and vote for Fremont."

SUCH, Messrs. Editors, is the counsel now given to us by our beloved friend, SAMUEL J. MAY, of Syracuse. To his counsels, since my earliest introduction to the anti-slavery movement, have I been wont to listen with no small degree of interest and confidence. That the present is a most important crisis in the struggle for Liberty, in this country, no one can deny. Of the correctness of the advice which the present emergency has called forth from Mr. May, and of the truthfulness of his estimate of the merits of the Republican party, I am by no means convinced.

In his eloquent and earnest address, delivered in Chautauque Co., on the fourth of July, Mr. May says, "I rejoice that the Republican party, which now takes the lead in the political conflict for Freedom, has inscribed upon its banner not a word of concession to the oppressors of our land. Oppressors have no right to be what they are. They have no rights, excepting such as are common to all men. They have no right to hold a single fellow-being in bondage a moment. If we consent that they may do so great a wrong, we become partakers of their iniquity, without lessening their crime."

Does the Republican party make no concession to the oppressors of our land? If I understand its platform, the declarations of its candidates, Fremont and Dayton, and others duly appointed to speak for the party, as well as the leading journals in support of its cause, it concedes everything that slaveowners need desire, save the one point at issue, as to the introduction of slavery into the Territories of the United States. And if, in the conflict, it is found to be in the minority, still "the Union must be preserved." Its platform maintains a studied silence on all other important points, except the one mentioned. It says nothing of the abolition of slavery in the District of Columbia. It does not ask for the abolition of the inter-State slave trade. It does not demand the repeal of the odious Fugitive Slave law. It does not propose the abolition of slavery in the States. It would deny "legal existence to slavery in any Territory in the United States, while the present Constitution shall be maintained." It would "restore the action of the Federal Government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson." In relation to those principles, Mr. May says: "The delegates in the Convention of 1787, that formed our present Constitution, were misled into that compact, which (to use the strong language of Isaiah) has proved to be 'a covenant with death, and an agreement with hell.' * * * Too readily did that Convention agree to the admission of such articles into the Constitution as virtually allowed the prosecution of the African slave trade until 1808; and the continuance of slavery in any of the States, so long as the people of those States might choose. True, the word is not to be found in that document, but the *virus* of slavery was left there; and thence has been disseminated that foul disease which has filled our body politic with 'wounds and bruises and putrifying sores,' so that 'from the sole of the foot even unto the head, there is no soundness in it, but the whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint.'"

Why, then, I ask, should we "pledge ourselves to do what we may, by all honourable means, to insure the election of John C. Frement and William L. Dayton," and thus give our aid to inaugurate the commencement of an administration of government which would require us to live over again so sad and fatal an experiment?

I argue that oppressors have no right to hold their fellow-beings in bondage for a moment; also, that "if we consent that they may do so great a wrong we become partakers of their iniquity, without lessening their crime." But, I conceive it to be impossible for any one to be a member of the Republican party, and adopt the spirit of its platform, the avowed sentiments of its candidates and prominent advocates, and the declarations of the leading organs in support of its cause, without consenting to the perpetual enslavement of nearly four millions of our fellow-beings; aye, not only consenting to their enslavement, but actually giving solemn promise of protection and support to the oppressors in the perpetration of their crime. Certain it is, that John C. Fremont and William L. Dayton, the nominees of the Republican party, whom we are asked to make, by our ballots, our agents in the administration of the National Government, are not only willing but are determined to "consent" to the absolute enslavement of a sixth portion of our population.

Says Fremont, in a letter addressed to a public meeting in New York, after declaring his opposition to slavery "in the abstract and on principle," "*I feel inflexible in the belief that it (slavery) ought not to be interfered with where it exists under the shield of State sovereignty.*" By this we understand Fremont not only to consent to the fearful oppression which prevails in the fifteen slave-owning States of this Union, but, if elected, to be "inflexibly" determined upon so wielding the force of the nation, as to protect those States in their cruel and unholy policy, and effectually to prevent any interference from without for the "deliverance of the oppressed" therein. Again, I ask, why should we pledge ourselves to aid in securing the election of John C. Fremont, thus to be a Protector for the Slave Oligarchy of this country? a position he would necessarily occupy, as he and his leading advocates interpret his "constitutional obligations." Why not, with the deadly "*virus* of slavery" organically incorporated into the basis of our miscalled government, at once resolve upon "*the utter dissolution of our union with slaveholders?*"

Mr. Dayton, whose antecedents are all pro-slavery, after avowing, "with emphasis," that his "principles have not changed," says: "I HOLD THAT THE CONSTITUTION PROTECTS SLAVERY WHERE IT IS."

With such an emphatic declaration of sentiment, a slaveowner, anxious for the preservation of his peculiar interests, could, with some propriety, vote for William L. Dayton. But can Abolitionists, can Mr. May, appoint him as an agent, to occupy that position, in which, if elected, he must call God to witness, in solemn promise, that he will faithfully and constitutionally "protect slavery where it is"? To do so, it seems to me, would be to consent that oppressors may hold in bondage our fellow-beings, whereby "we become partakers of their iniquity, without lessening their crime."

The accredited organs and orators of the party furnish us ample evidence of their willingness to consent to the continuance of the crime of slavery where it is, and of their readiness to share, as heretofore, in the protection of those interested in its perpetuation.

The *New York Tribune* says: "It is not the object of the proposed Republican party to emancipate slaves, nor to improve the condition of the African race, but only to restrict slavery within its present limits."

Says the *Boston Journal*: "We are aided in our decision as to the support of the Presidential ticket nominated by the Republicans by the fact that the Philadelphia platform embraces no principle which has not been again and again affirmed by the Whig party, with which organization we have, in times past, been proud to act."

Life Illustrated, in answer to an admonitory letter from the South, in consequence of its published articles in favour of Republicanism, says: "If we owned a plantation with a thousand slaves upon it, in a Southern State of this Union, we should feel just as we now feel, and should write just as we have written, and should vote just as we now intend to vote. We can most solemnly assure our Southern readers that the question of African slavery does not enter, as a primary element, into this contest, and that their fellow-citizens at the North perceive the difficulties and respect the rights of the slaveholding States."

Hon. Bradford R. Wood, of Albany, says, in speaking of the Republican movement: "The question now is *not whether the area of freedom shall be extended*, but whether what we have shall be preserved."

In a speech in relation to Kansas, Hon. Samuel Galloway, Republican Representative in Congress from Ohio, said: "*This is no 'nigger question.' It is a question for white men.* * * * The question is whether you and I shall retain the noble heritage which has been bequeathed to you and me by the fathers of the Revolution."

Senator Trumbull (Republican), of Illinois, after denying that the party wants to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, to prohibit the trade in slaves between the States, or to repeal the Fugitive Slave law, says: "By electing Col. Fremont upon these principles, and bringing back the Government to a true construction of the Constitution, and introducing economy in the expenditure of the public moneys, and protecting the citizens of *the North and the South in their just rights*, stopping the aggressions of slavery, *but leaving it protected where it is*, we will have peace within our whole borders. * * *Our Southern brethren will find themselves protected and their property protected as well as it ever was under any administration.*"

So much for the position of the Republican party, as shown by the testimony of its own accredited expounders Any amount of testimony might be given, of which the above is an illustration.

While the party is opposed to the "legal existence of slavery in any of the Territories of the United States," so far as nearly four millions of our fellow-beings are concerned, clearly it is a SLAVEHOLDING PARTY, and may include *slaveowners* also, if within the slaveowning States. While it is against slavery in the Territories, *it is for slavery in the States.*

Far better, then, for the crisis of the present hour, than the remedial philosophy of Mr. May's earnest address, is the doctrine of *thorough moral regeneration*, which points inevitably to the immediate emancipation of the oppressed, and to "*the utter dissolution of our union with slaveholders.*"

Ghent, Columbia Co., N. Y. AARON M. POWELL.

POLITICS.

HAMILTON FISH, the colleague of Mr. Seward in the Senate, has not yet declared his Presidential preferences, though it is reported that he is coming out for Fremont.

——A Republican meeting at Saratoga, one day last week, was enlivened with songs by the Hutchinson Family. Subsequently, at a concert of their own, they sang so many songs of freedom as to annoy the Hunker portion of their audience.

——A Fremont Barbecue is to be held in Charles River Grove, 10 miles from Boston, on Tuesday next, when an ox is to be roasted whole! Music by the steam calliope. The caterer for the occasion is the well-known coloured artist, J. B. Smith. The ox-roasting is to be performed by emigrants from the South (via. the U. G. R.), who have had experience in that sort of cookery.

——The Worcester (Mass.) *Spy* relates that a gentleman of that place, who had been a prominent member of the Democratic party for thirty years, when he heard that several old line Whigs had joined the party, said he felt very much like the sailor whose horse caught his foot in the stirrup, in beating off the flies: "Blast you [said the sailor], if you are going to get on, it is time I was getting off."

——The Boston *Atlas* reminds Rufus Choate, who has come out for Buchanan, of the following passage of a speech made by him in Salem, in 1848:

"In this matter of *slavery, we have always differed* from our friends of the South; and in regard to it we propose simply, *to vote them down.*"

Mr. Choate thinks it hardly less than treasonable now to vote down the slaveholders even on the question of slavery extension!

——The Augusta (Ga.) *Chronicle and Sentinel*, a warm supporter of Fillmore and Donelson, in urging their claims upon the South, makes the following allusion to Mr. Fillmore's Southern tour in 1854: "Having made the tour of the South-western slave States, he announced on the steps of the State House door in Montgomery, that the anti-slavery prejudices of his early education had been obliterated by what he had seen in the South of the happy condition of the slave."

——At the North the election of Buchanan is urged by his friends as the only means of making the Union perpetual. At the South it is urged with equal zeal, but for a somewhat different reason. The Charleston *Courier* says:

"If it be desirable to triumph over our adversaries and to preserve the Union *until we ourselves may be ready to abandon it*, it is certainly important to give the candidate of our party the frank and hearty support of all the Southern States, and none can take the lead with more propriety than ourselves."

——A State Convention calling itself Whig, but composed almost entirely of men who were in revolt against the party bearing that name for several years before its death, assembled in Albany last week and went through the farce of sanctioning the nomination of Fillmore—that being esteemed the most effectual way of helping Buchanan. Francis Granger, the leader of the Silver Gray faction in 1852, presided, while a large body of Know-Nothings were on hand to keep up appearances.

——A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, writing from Towanda, Pa., expresses the opinion that in Grow's Congressional District (formerly represented by Wilmot) Fremont will have 6,500 majority, and that "Grow will be renominated and reëlected by an overwhelming majority." He also says, "Pennsylvania is safe for Fremont. This is the opinion of the prudent, sagacious men of the State. The northern and western tier of Counties will swell up a majority for him of 25,000. Where will Buchanan receive votes enough to overbalance this?"

——*The Liberator* of last week, replying to some remarks of a correspondent, says:

"We dissent from the sentiment that 'the disposition to divide the Union is very slight now'—for it is widespread and growing stronger every hour, and will undoubtedly be greatly increased by the triumph of 'border-ruffianism' in the person of James Buchanan. There is strong ground for believing that he will be the last President of the United States, in which case the jubilee is not far distant."

——Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, has been nominated for reëlection to Congress by the Republicans of his District. The Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "If, in accepting the nomination, he places himself fairly and squarely upon the Philadelphia platform, and attempts to introduce no issues which are not made by it, into the campaign, we think there can be little doubt of his election by a handsome majority. On the other hand, should he choose to keep himself in the unfortunate position he has occupied since the commencement of the present session of Congress, his reëlection will be a matter of some uncertainty."

——The leading Southern friends of Mr. Fillmore are abandoning him, one by one, assigning as a reason therefor, not any displeasure with their candidate, but the melancholy necessity which stares them in the face of supporting Buchanan, or allowing the election to go by default. Among the distinguished Southern Whigs who have thus collapsed, are Messrs. Pratt and Pearce of Maryland, and Benjamin of Louisiana, all members of the United States Senate; James B. Clay, of Kentucky, the son of Henry Clay, and Senator Clayton, of Delaware.

——The New Orleans *Delta* says: "Many prescient Southern men are inclined to think that the election of Fremont would be the most fortunate consummation of the struggle which could happen at the present crisis, inasmuch as it would utterly extirpate the sickly, puling, contemptible race of politicians who delight in the name of 'National men.'" By 'National men' the *Delta* means that class of slaveholders who are willing to yield something to the North rather than dissolve the Union.

——Joshua R. Giddings, we are glad to see, has been re-nominated for Congress by acclamation. We wish the brave old veteran were a Disunionist, but as he has deliberately chosen to fight slavery as he best can under the present Constitution, we are glad he is to be kept in the place which he has filled now for almost twenty years, and in which he has done so much to annoy and worry the cohorts of the Slave Power and keep up that wholesome agitation which is the only hope of the slaves, as it is the constant dread of their tyrant masters. He will be elected, we presume, by a larger majority than ever.

——Robert C. Winthrop, in reply to an invitation to address a Fillmore meeting in Brooklyn, states that he is not yet prepared to decide upon the course best to be pursued in the Presidential election. He proposes to "keep himself free from any absolute committals" until after the meeting of the Massachusetts Whig Convention, but confesses that he has "seen no nomination for the Presidency which seems to promise so much of peace and harmony to the country at large, and so much of assured stability to its institutions, under existing circumstances, as that of Mr. Fillmore."

——At a recent Buchanan meeting in Genoa, Cayuga Co., as we learn from the Buffalo *Express*, one of the speakers, a butcher and market man, named Rogers, said, among many foolish things, "your Col. Fremont ate dog!" Whereupon a voice replied, "he never ate half as much dog as the most of the people in this room!" "Prove it!" exclaimed the orator. Here a well-known man arose, and with a victorious smile rejoined: "I should not think you would ask any proof of a man who has made sausages for you as long as I have!" It is needless to add that this was a clincher, and that the point of Mr. Rogers's speech was rather blunted.

——The Maine election for Governor, Members of Congress, Legislature and various State officers, occurs September 8th. The Hardshell Whigs, led by George Evans, former United States Senator, are working in harmony with the Border Ruffian Democrats; but the Republicans feel sure of carrying the State. Their candidate for Governor is Hon. Hannibal Hamlin, present United States Senator, and long a very popular member of the Democratic party. "Old Line Democrat," one "who never, heretofore, failed to work and vote on the Democratic side," writes to the *Evening Post* that "Hamlin will be elected Governor by a large majority over the combined vote of Wells, the candidate of the Buchanan interest, and Patten, the candidate of the Whigs." He says, "That the State will go for Fremont in November, no rational man in Maine doubts."

——The Washington correspondent of the *Herald*, under date of the 13th inst., says:

"There is much talk and more feeling among the Virginians on the subject of the threat to run in their State a Fremont electoral ticket. A great deal is promised in the way of tarring and feathering to all those Virginians who may show their republicanism by giving the use of their names for electors. Virginia has made already some progress in that way, by the expulsion of Mr. Underwood, a respectable citizen, whose only crime consisted in daring to express himself upon the question of slavery. I understand that Governor Wise threatens to arrest, under charge of treason to the State, all such as may be found therein taking an active part in favour of Fremont. True or not, as this may be, there are those in this city from that State who advocate the measure, on the ground that to support Fremont is only a cover to insurrection, the punishment for which is provided for by the laws of Virginia by death to the parties so offending. Should Gov. Wise so construe the law as to make it applicable to all the Fremont men now in Virginia, he would have on hand more executions than he would be able to get through with before the Presidential election comes off."

——The Fillmore Know-Nothings of Cincinnati have concocted an original scheme whereby to signalize their devotion to the Union. They propose that a grand Union Fillmore demonstration be held on the opposing shores of the Ohio, on the landings of Cincinnati, and of Covington, and of Newport. The band of Union is to be a wire stretched across the river, in the centre of which is to be a banner inscribed "Union." [Would n't we be in a dreadful fix if the wire should break?] The ceremony of intermarriage between the North and the South is then to take place. A steamer is to leave Covington, bearing fifteen ladies, representing the fifteen Southern States, and a steamer to leave Cincinnati, with sixteen ladies, representing the sixteen Northern States. These are to meet in the middle of the stream, and to be lashed together and proceed under the flag labelled "Union," where a circle of the State-uary young ladies is to be formed. Majestic idea! In the meantime there is to be thunder from four cannon, on the landing of each of the towns, Cincinnati, Covington and Newport, and one on a flat boat in the middle of the river.

——Rufus Choate, who assumes to wear the

all events, from the information in our possession, our Southern secession Committees of Safety will soon have the opportunity afforded them of a practical enforcement of their threats. The experiment of a Fremont electoral ticket has been tried in Kentucky without bloodshed or ruffianly resistance, and it is thought that the movement may be as safely extended to every other Southern State. Let the Kentucky experiment be tried in Virginia or South Carolina, for example, and we shall soon see that all this horrible terrorism of our secession masters is 'full of sound and fury, signifying nothing'; and that Fremont has a host of friends, even where the secession conspirators are thought to be supreme."

——Rev. Arthur B. Bradford, in the *Free Presbyterian* (in the letter alluded to in another place) finds in the character of Mrs. Fremont a reason for supporting her husband. He says:

"Fremont has a wife whose name is Jessie, the daughter of Mrs. Col. Benton, sister to the late Gov. M'Dowell, of Virginia. Her mother, like her uncle just named, although surrounded with slavery and its influences, was anti-slavery in sentiment and inculcated the great idea upon her daughter. Jessie, I am told, likes the society of Lucretia Mott and makes her house her home when visiting Philadelphia. This is enough for me. She must be sound in that article of our faith, or Lucretia would not admire her. Now, you know, my dear sir, by observation and experience, that an intelligent and principled wife, no matter who may be the husband, is the power behind the throne, greater than the throne itself. Let the people of the United States request Jessie Fremont, as they will by voting for her husband, to take possession of the White House at Washington next March, and it would not be long before you would see a change in the social character of that city. Blackguards, gamblers, bullies, murderers and slaveholders are the *ton* there now. They constitute a *caste* as merciless and inexorable as that which prevails in Hindostan. I know what it is to 'lose caste,' to be slighted and sneered at as one who has degraded himself by being an Abolitionist. It is a terrible influence, and by contaminating as it does the social atmosphere of Washington, has given the spinal complaint to more Northern Congressmen than any other cause beside. It is the border ruffian slaveholding *caste* which is tampering with Dunn of Indiana, and Scott Harrison of Ohio, and other men who have retrograded, since the meeting of Congress, from the position on which they were elected as Representatives. Create a social atmosphere in Washington which will not stifle the sentiment of freedom and humanity; make it possible for Abolitionists to occupy and enjoy as high a standing as the one which slaveholders, ruffians and hunkers have monopolized, and you turn the tide of a mighty influence in the right direction.

"Now this is to be done by *woman*. She rules supreme, either by a negative or positive, a secret or open influence. How different is the moral character of the British Queen now from what it was under the Stuarts or the Georges. What is the reason? Because Victoria is a virtuous woman and has frowned away from her entertainments the base and the licentious. Jessie Fremont is a woman of principle. It is a singular fact in the Providence of God and means something, that like her husband, she has resisted the strong influence of her family and social connections, preferred to do her own work in preference to having slaves. When she takes the head of the table at the White House, ladies and gentlemen will not be ostracised or snubbed, because they are old-fashioned enough to believe in the doctrine of our great Declaration."

We might admit all that Mr. Bradford says in commendation of Mrs. Fremont, and yet doubt whether she would have the power to do what he expects at her hands. The wife of President Pierce is said to be a woman of rare excellence, but her husband has been the tool of the Border Ruffians notwithstanding.

——It is amusing to observe the different arguments employed by different persons to persuade men to vote for Fremont. For example, the Rev. Arthur B. Bradford, in the *Free Presbyterian*, calls upon anti-slavery Christians to vote for him as the only way of salvation for the country. He says.

"The Kansas question is the one which now presses with mountain weight on the national conscience. Should that Territory be admitted into the Union as a slave State, it confirms the power of the slaveholders, and sanctions their schemes. It is the *first* part of a great *programme*. The second is to admit on the same terms, Nebraska, Utah, New Mexico and all other territory in the North-west capable of making six States, each as large as Ohio. Then the division of Texas and California, adding at least two more slave States. In the meantime the revival of the African slave trade will have been authorized by act of Congress; then Cuba, Hayti, Central America, and the remainder of Mexico to be conquered and annexed as slave States, winding up with the enslavement and ruin of the North, or a dissolution of the Union. All these events will sooner or later follow the election of James Buchanan and the endorsement by the nation of the platform on which he stands. If, on the contrary, the Republicans carry their ticket, the tide will be turned. The ship of State, now careening so fearfully towards the South will be righted up, the pilot and crew thrown overboard, and the vessel put upon the anti-slavery track. Kansas will come in free and all the other Territories will pursue the same policy.

"But what of the standard bearer of the Republican party, Col. Fremont? At the time the National Convention assembled at Philadelphia, I knew nothing of the man except as a Civil Engineer and explorer. It looked like a leap in the dark, to nominate one so new, when we had such men as Seward, Chase and Sumner, men scarred with the wounds received in the anti-slavery struggle. But since the nomination I have read a sketch of the life of Fremont, and have become acquainted with facts and circumstances in his history which lead me to believe that he is the man for the present emergency. Born and educated under the influence of slaveholding example, he resisted it at the risk of popularity and convenience, because his Huguenot blood rose in rebellion at the idea of holding property in man. Gerrit Smith, with a generosity and nobleness just like him, testifies to the anti-slavery feature of his character. I have, therefore, no doubt, that Southron as he is, he will, by his stand and policy as President of the United States, shame the Northern doughfaces into decency. Then he is a *determined* and *brave* man, as marked in his individuality as Gen. Jackson himself. Let South Carolina wax fat and try to kick out of the traces of the Union, and Fremont, if President, would apply his hickory and hemp in such way and manner as would cure the spoiled jade of her folly. Nay, let the fire-eaters of the South dare to act out the treason suggested and instigated by Mr. Fillmore in the event of the election of the Republican nominees, and Fremont would hang them on a gallows as high as Haman's. I hope if they have treason and disunion in their hearts they will display it in overt acts, for this would be the second of a series of broken doses which the people need to cure them of the pro-slavery construction which they give the Constitution, thereby extending the lease of the life of slavery and perpetuating its multiform evils."

The *New York Herald, per contra*, argues the cause of Fremont after this fashion:

"He is a Southern man by birth, instincts, education and associations—he is the representative of the rights of the States and the obligations on all sides to the Constitution and the Union. He is neither the candidate of abolition disunionists, nor Southern secessionists, but is bitterly opposed by both these disorganizing sectional factions. He is pledged against any disturbance of slavery in the District of Columbia, of the Fugitive Slave law, of the inter-State slave trade, and anything else affecting the constitutional or lawful rights of the South; and his history, his training, and his antecedents are the guarantees of his fidelity. These are the securities of the perfect safety of Fremont as the candidate, not only of the great political reform party of the North, but of the conservatives of the South—slaveholders, who have everything at hazard under the domineering secessionists, and non-slaveholders, whose only safety is in a firm adhesion to the Union, Buchanan or no Buchanan, and Kansas or no Kansas.

* * * * * * *

"The people of the North are beginning to be governed by sensible ideas. The programme of the Abolitionists and the programme of Seward have both been set aside, and our Black Republican rascals have been whipped by public opinion and the independent press into respectable principles and respectable behaviour. They have dropped "the higher law," and have become earnest advocates of the Constitution and the laws of the land, excepting only the Kansas laws of the border ruffians, and the South Carolina Senatorial laws of the bludgeon."

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

I BEG the liberty in your paper of giving briefly my reasons for voting for Fremont. I acknowledge the force of the logic of those who are opposed to voting under the Constitution, although I am by no means satisfied that that Constitution is pro-slavery; but the difficulty is that their logic proves too much; it proves that it is impossible for me to vote under any conceivable form of civil Government. Moreover, I have never been able to see how a citizen who makes use of the Post-Office Department of the Government is not supporting that Government, and therefore responsible to that extent for the wrongs committed by the Government. Under these circumstances, finding it impossible to get rid of supporting the Government under which I live, I exercise to the best of my ability, my power to change it and make it what it ought to be. Now, I am an avowed disunionist, believing that to be the quickest method of emancipating the slave and of promoting the best interest of the whole country, but as I cannot expect the dissolution of the Union at present, I do the most practicable thing I can in striving to elect a man to the Presidency who will do all in his power to prevent the extension of slavery. I have strong hope that the restriction of slavery will, in a very few years, effect its extinction, but if I find that I am mistaken, I can then fall back upon the dissolution of the Union as the last resort, hoping by that time to have a strong party with me. I do not often vote, but when I do I see to it that the issue tendered is an important one. Such I conceive to be the present one, and I therefore can enter the present contest without, in the least, compromising my anti-slavery principles. W. M. E.

HON. CHAUNCEY L. KNAPP has our thanks for a pamphlet copy of his speech on the Sumner assault.

CONGRESS.

THIS body adjourned at 12 o'clock on Monday last, not expecting to meet again before the first Monday in December; but four hours had not elapsed before the President issued his proclamation for an extra session, to commence on Thursday of the present week. The reason for this step was the failure of the Army appropriation bill, which left the Executive without means for paying the expenses of that arm of the Government. The bill appropriated about $14,000,000. The Senate refused to pass it with the House proviso forbidding the President to employ the army to enforce the bogus laws of Kansas, and the House, up to the moment fixed for the final adjournment, refused to yield. On all save one of the Kansas amendments to other appropriation bills, the House yielded to the Senate. The exception to which we allude was the provision appropriating (prospectively) $20,000 for compensation and mileage of the Kansas Legislature. The House struck this out, and the Senate submitted. The section of the general appropriation bill, declaring that no money should be expended for the support of government officials in Kansas until the persons under indictment there for treason shall be discharged and the prosecutions dismissed, was not adhered to by the House, Mr. Campbell, of Ohio, having declared (by authority of the President, as was supposed, though Mr. C. refused to say so in terms), that *he knew* and believed that the prisoners in question would not be prosecuted to conviction.

The House was in session from Saturday night at 7 o'clock (having taken a recess from 4 1-2 to that hour) until daylight on Sunday morning. When the question came up on the Sherman proviso to the Army bill above alluded to, Mr. Giddings made a speech, during which (according to the correspondent of *The Tribune*), he took occasion to say that men should act without having before them the fear of bullies or bludgeons. Brooks, very much excited, started to his feet and inquired if the gentleman from Ohio *meant* him. The Speaker instantly called Brooks to order, and ordered him to take his seat. Speaker Banks, observing a disinclination on the part of Brooks to obey, instantly gave orders that the Sergeant-at-Arms be called. Brooks hearing this hastily took his seat. He subsequently apologized to Mr. Giddings for his rude interruption.

During the session of Saturday night only one member was seen drunk! This was owing to the firmness of Speaker Banks, who persisted in excluding intoxicating drinks from every room in the Capitol. The papers of all parties unite in declaring that Mr. Banks proved himself during the exciting scenes of the night the most accomplished Speaker that had filled the chair for thirty years.

Among the bills which passed both Houses and received the sanction of the President was one changing the compensation of Senators and Representatives, giving each a salary of $3,000 per annum, instead of $8 per day. The mileage swindle was not touched. The extra session, therefore, under this new arrangement, will cost the Government nothing.

We have little doubt that the House will finally yield to the Senate by striking out the Sherman proviso. We go to press too early to announce the result of the struggle this week.

KANSAS NEWS.

THE following despatches contain the latest information from Kansas:

ST. LOUIS, Monday, Aug. 18, 1856.

The Westport Border Ruffian, in an extra issued on the 13th inst., says: Last Monday night 200 Free Soilers attacked the town of Franklin, Kansas, in which were only twenty Pro-Slavery men. The fight lasted four hours, and four Pro-Slavery men and six Free Soilers were killed. The assailants robbed the Post-Office and then set it on fire, and finally retreated, carrying off the cannon belonging to the town. Later reports say that seventeen Free Soilers were killed and wounded. One hundred United States troops occupied the town the next day. Three hundred of Lane's men have entered Topeka.

[Of course this story is either grossly exaggerated or an entire fiction. We presume there has been a fight of some kind, probably induced by the robbery of Free State horses and cattle by some of the Southern predatory bands which now infest Kansas, and that they were chased to their refuge in Franklin by the victims and their neighbours. We shall hear the truth before long.—*Eds. Stand.*]

CHICAGO, Tuesday, Aug. 19, 1856.

The following news from Kansas was received here this morning:

The Free Soilers have discovered that the organized plan of the Pro-Slavery party is to concentrate men, arms and ammunition at different points of the Territory, for the purpose of making a sudden and general attack, immediately after the adjournment of Congress, to expel all the Free State settlers. Twelve fortified blockhouses have been erected, at different Pro-Slavery points, which are well supplied with cannon, rifles and ammunition, garrisoned principally by Missourians.

On the night of the 12th instant a company of Free State men attacked the fort at Franklin for the purpose of securing arms, when a fight ensued between them and the forces stationed there, which lasted four hours. One Free State man was killed, and one seriously wounded. Three Missourians were wounded. The Free State men captured a blockhouse, took one cannon and fifty stand of arms; the latter included many of the rifles seized at Lawrence in May by the Pro-Slavery men.

The Missourians retreated to Camp Worthington, southwest of Lawrence, and it is feared there will be further disturbances between the parties, although quietness now exists.

An extra of *The Leavenworth Journal*, on the 4th, has the following call to arms:

"The border towns are greatly excited, and a general mustering of Missourians is demanded by the Pro-Slavery leaders in the Territory."

SECOND DESPATCH.

Additional intelligence from Kansas this afternoon states that, before the attack on the fort at Franklin, the Free State men applied for the dispersion of the Pro-Slavery force that had gathered there under the proclamation of Gov. Shannon, which was refused.

A large meeting was held at Kansas City on the 15th, at which it was resolved to send two thousand men immediately into the Territory.

A meeting was held at Lexington on the 16th, and a resolution was passed that they would send their quota of men by the first boat to help settle the difficulties.

THE KANSAS PRISONERS.—The Cincinnati *Gazette* of the 13th contained the following paragraph:

"The telegraph, yesterday, with its usual accuracy, contradicted a statement which had never been made, by an assertion which has no foundation in fact. It stated, in a despatch from Washington, that Judge McLean had refused to allow the writ of habeas corpus which had been applied for by Gov. Robinson, Brown and others. This is not so. We are informed that the affidavits have been returned to the parties to be modified according to the suggestion of Judge McLean himself; who, when the papers have been amended, will hear the application. Of course, we cannot say how much probability there is of the issuance of the writ. The Detroit *Tribune* says, but whether upon its own authority, or the Cleveland *Leader's*, we do not know, that another United States Judge has been spoken to upon the subject, and that he will allow a writ in case of its refusal by Judge McLean."

On the following day appeared this letter from Judge McLean:

Editors Gazette: Your note in the paper of this morning, in relation to the Kansas prisoners, though not intended, is calculated to mislead the public. The application for a *habeas corpus* was made, and, after a full examination of the case, finding that the indictment for treason charged the offence as within the Constitution, and that the defendants were arrested under a warrant issued by the court on the indictment, I refused the application for the writ, as there was no ground from the face of the papers to hold the detention as illegal; and that was the only ground on which the prisoners, on the *habeas corpus*, could be released.

The counsel asked leave to withdraw the papers, with the view of amending the return, and I granted them to him.

I acted upon certified copies of the indictment and the warrant under which the prisoners were held.

JOHN MCLEAN.

CANNOT BEAR THE LIGHT.—The inexorable despotism which rules the South is well illustrated by the incident recorded in the following telegraphic despatch:

MOBILE, Aug. 16th.

There has been a great excitement here to-day, which had its origin in the sale of abolition books by a stationery firm in this city. The name of the firm in question is Strickland & Co. The individual members are Wm. Strickland and E. Upton. The only charge against them was the selling of books that were regarded as of an incendiary character, inasmuch as they favoured the freedom of the slaves. This, however, was more than our people could submit to, and a committee of five of our citizens was accordingly formed, who waited on the individuals above alluded to, and ordered them to leave the city within five days.

As soon as the action of the Committee became known, the excitement rapidly increased, and the parties, for fear of more desperate measures, fled the city, in the most secret manner possible. The firm was in the enjoyment of a large business, and have heretofore been liberally patronized by the citizens.

Well did Emerson say, "I do not see how a barbarous community and a civilized community can constitute one State." If the North desires to preserve her own freedom, she must speedily cut the political cord which binds her to the barbarous and uncivilized South.

LUCRETIA MOTT.—The Salem (MASS.) *Register* announces that Mrs. Mott is expected to hold a meeting at Lyceum Hall, in that city, to-morrow (Sunday) evening.

For The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE SUNRISE CHIMES.

Sunday Morning.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

List to the chimes,
Gaily ringing!
"Slavery, Intemp'rance, Want and Crimes!"
Is the song they are singing;
Singing of these in the holy time
Of the morning hour,
While the dew sleeps heavily on the flower.

List to the chimes,
Gaily ringing!
"Slavery, Intemp'rance, Want and Crimes!"
Is the song they are singing;
Of the groaning slave in his galling chain,
Of the drunken reveller's aching brain,
Of the homeless child, with weary feet,
Who slept last night on the stormy street;
Of the fallen maiden, so lost, so low,
Wailing her life in the haunts of woe;
The murdered mother, the starving child:
They are singing of these in a chorus wild.

List to the chimes,
Gaily ringing!
"Slavery, Intemp'rance, Want and Crimes!"
Is the song they are singing.
"Hear ye! hear ye! hear ye!"
(In this home of the brave, this land of the free,
Where the star-spangled banner so proudly waves),
"We will sell to-morrow a lot of slaves."

To the Court House then,
To-morrow at ten,
For then and there will be sold,
To the highest bidder, for sordid gold,
Jane, Henry, Nora and Ben,
Cæsar and Carrie, and Tom and Dell,
And a host besides, all warranted well;
And slaves for life—all Christians too!
Good hands to cook, and wash, and sew;
And one is a preacher; so ring the bell
For these slaves for life; let them hear the knell
That their fellows toll, their God to mock
O'er his image sold on the auction block!

Ring, ring, ring!
A merry peal o'er the grog-shop there,
Licensed and sanctioned by men of prayer,
As well as by men of curses.
They hang the bell in the steeple high,
Ring merry peals as the world goes by,
While the grog-ship fills their purses;
Aye, ring, ring
The merry peal as the world goes by,
Turn their gaze from the earth to the steepie high,
That they see not the woe
That lies reeking below.
They have paid their part for the merry chimes,
They have prayed their prayers o'er the earth's dark crimes,
And they list well pleased to the merry bells,
Yet hear not a word of the tale each tells
Of the rowdy revel, the drunken fight,
The brother slain at dead of night,
Of the husband hurried away from sight,
Of the young wife shrieking in wild affright,
Of the prison dank, the dark despair,
The sister's anguish, the mother's prayer,
The little ones' eloquent wail of woe,
The old man's groan, with his gray locks low,
The maiden's cry o'er the lover slain,
The felon's curse in his binding chain.
Oh! they hear not a word of the tale each tells,
But laugh with delight at the merry bells!
They have paid their dimes
For the sunrise chimes,
And what care they for grog-shop crimes?

List to the chimes,
Gaily ringing!
Wildly they float on the morning air,
Calling the people to early prayer;
Each sound, to my ear, is a cry of despair
From hearts wrung by tyranny, want or care.
Yet still I hear a soft voice singing,
Sweetly it falls on the listening ear
Of all who its gentle tones will hear;
It touches the heart with its cadence clear,
And bids it with hope and faith draw near,
And that love that casteth out all fear,
And join in the grand refrain:
"There's a good time coming," when men will be
True to themselves and humanity;
When the master shall loosen the bondman's chain,
And the slave stand forth as a man again;
When the grog-shop door shall be found no more;
When—instead of a tempter—a guide and friend,
To stay the steps of the weak, and lend
A helping hand and a word of cheer,
Shall be ever ready and ever near,
To lure them away from the paths of strife,
And plant their feet in the ways of life;
When man shall be to his fellow true,
Doing as he would have him do.
Then "Slavery, Intemp'rance, Want and Crimes,"
Shall be sung no more by the sunrise chimes.
Then shall be lived out God's own plan,
And a chorus shall sound o'er land and sea,
From the rescued hearts of humanity—
"Peace on earth, good will to man";
And the sunrise chime,
In the holy time,
Shall answer back, from every clime,
The chorus of angels and men sublime:
"Peace on earth, good will to man."

MORE RUFFIANISM AT WASHINGTON.

THE following letter from the *Evening Post* gives the best account we have seen of the latest attempt to "subdue" a Northern representative by blows!

WASHINGTON, August 16, 1856.

In order to put a climax to the incidents of personal outrage which have characterized the session, we had to-day another assault by a member of Congress upon the freedom of speech. Shortly before 9 o'clock an omnibus loaded with passengers, among whom were Amos B. Granger, Republican representative from New York; Fayette McMullen, Buchanan representative from Virginia; Jacob Broom, Know-Nothing representative from Pennsylvania; Colonel Joseph L. Chester, correspondent of the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, and several ladies, was proceeding from the National Hotel to the Capitol.

The conversation, which was upon the action of the House in adhering to the Kansas proviso of the Army appropriation bill, became quite lively among the passengers, and was finally confined to Granger and McMullen. The latter remarked that the South would stand by the Constitution, which, in his opinion, required them to resist the proviso. To this Granger replied that, if the South did not, the Republicans would elect a President who would make them. McMullen retorted that he would not hear such language from any but an old man. (Granger, by the way, is sixty-six; McMullen may be fifty.) Granger thereupon said, "I waive my age;" and was at once seized by McMullen, who, not very affectionately, put one arm round his neck, holding his head bent down to the breast, and with the other arm pummeled Granger under the eye and ear in such a manner as to draw blood with each blow.

Colonel Chester, then sitting opposite, separated the combatants, who remained in the omnibus until its arrival at the Capitol. Granger defended himself as well as he could, but I am told by an eye-witness that the bloody scratches which McMullen exhibits on his face came from somebody else than the man he had assailed.

Granger was considerably injured, and did not stay long in the House; when a resolution, offered by Simmons of New York, was adopted, authorizing the appointment of a committee of five to investigate the subject, and report on the first Monday in December next. The Speaker accordingly appointed Simmons of New York, Pettit of Indiana, Smith of Virginia, Edie of Pennsylvania, Fuller of Maine, members of that Committee.

HUMBOLDT'S PROTEST against the mutilation of his work on Cuba will be found on the first page. Mr. Thrasher, we see, excuses the expurgation on the alleged ground that the chapter in question was not necessarily connected with the rest of the work. As if any view of the social and political condition of Cuba, in which slavery is left out, could be otherwise than inadequate and partial. When it is considered that all Mr. Thrasher's movements in relation to Cuba are subordinate to the one purpose of strengthening and perpetuating slavery, how utterly base appears this pretence that he omitted the chapter on that subject for the reason assigned! Why did he not plead the example of the Tract Society to justify an act which his masters, the slaveholders, inexorably require at the hands of all editors and publishers who look for their approbation and patronage?

THE *Portland Inquirer* appears to have fallen into inexperienced, not to say unscrupulous, hands. We must charitably suppose that the responsible editor, Mr. Peck, was absent when the following paragraphs appeared in his columns:

"The Abolitionists and the Southern slavedrivers, with their doughfaced backers of the North, oppose Fremont for the same reason. They know that his election would put a quietus on their schemes of disunion and revolution; hence the howl of rage which we hear from the whole horde of Border Ruffians, Abolitionists, Southern Know-Nothings and plunder-seekers generally."

"Wm. Lloyd Garrison's *Liberator* of last week has Wendell Phillips's speech against Fremont. How the *disunionists* do hate the great champion of Liberty and Union. But they '*bite a file.*'"

The man that wrote such stuff as this must have a high opinion of the intelligence of his readers!

CHARLES SUMNER.—The Boston *Telegraph* has seen a letter from Mr. Sumner, dated the 16th, in which he says:

"At last I seem to be physically convalescent, though my physician in Philadelphia sends me a message that I cannot hope to leave the mountains for some time, without 'running the hazard of being an invalid for months to come.' It is all uncertain when I shall be able to bear the excitement of public speaking. But I am confident that I shall rally in season to take part in the pending contest. I cannot for a moment tolerate the thought that this will not be."

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 640, opens with a welcome paper, "Daniel De Foe," from the *Dublin University Magazine*, and contains besides a choice variety of current literature selected from the best English sources. 343 B'way.

MRS. STOWE'S NEW ANTI-SLAVERY NOVEL is to be issued simultaneously in Boston, London, Paris and Leipsic, on the first of September. See advertisement in another column.

JOSHUA R. GIDDINGS, we are sorry to see, is out in a letter commending to the confidence and support of Orthodox Abolitionists that priestly trimmer, the Rev. Dr. Nevin, formerly of Cleveland, who has received and accepted a call to become the pastor of the Orthodox Congregationalist Church in Washington. Mr. G., we are sure, is not well acquainted with the man; if he were, he would be the last to commend him to public confidence.

Summary.

Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, of Brooklyn, has been elected the orator, and James T. Fields, of Boston, the poet, for the celebration of the Literary Societies of the University of Vermont, next Commencement.

The editor of a paper in Schenectady, in describing the effects of a squall upon a canal boat, says that "when the gale was at its highest, the unfortunate craft heeled to larboard, and the captain and another cask of whiskey rolled overboard."

FREE VIRGINIA.—Fifty families from Virginia, of the denomination called "United Brethren," all in favour of Freedom, have, through their ministers, selected a settlement six miles south of Lawrence, on the Santa Fe road, in Kansas, and are now preparing to emigrate.

Polygamy is now sustained by the authority and treasury of the United States. A recent letter from Salt Lake City, from a credible source, reports that the Governor of the Territory of Utah, under Frank Pierce, keeps sixty concubines, under lock and key, prohibited from visiting or receiving company, and the United States Marshal keeps six.

LITERARY FAME.—Arrangements have been made with Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, for separate editions in England, France and Germany, of her new novel, now going through the press of Messrs. Phillips, Sampson, & Co., of this city, so that the book will have simultaneous issue in the four great publishing cities of the world—Boston, London, Paris, and Leipsic.—*Boston Transcript.*

PRINTER'S CENTENNIAL.—It is proposed to celebrate during the present year, the one hundredth anniversary of the introduction of printing in New Hampshire. The New Hampshire Historical Society, at a meeting in June, approved of the proposition, and a meeting of printers, publishers, editors, and other gentlemen, is to take place at Manchester on Wednesday, to decide upon the propriety and place of such celebration.

POLYGAMY TAKING ANOTHER TURN.—The *Rock Islander* says that one of the Mormon women who was in the company of the late crowd which has passed through that town for Salt Lake, has no less than four husbands. She is an intelligent, pleasant-looking individual. She contended that women had as good a right to have a number of husbands, as a man had to have as many wives as he wished, provided the men were all members of the Mormon Church.

NEGLIGENT CORRESPONDENTS.—The Piedmont (Va.) *Whig* says, "since the 25th of December, seventeen negroes have left the neighbourhood of Middleburg, and not more than half have ever been *heard from.*"

Those negroes should have been taught to write. It is not fair to expect them to keep up a very active correspondence, considering the Virginia laws on the subject of education.—*N. Y. Times.*

Five negroes lately ran away from their owners, Messrs. Andrew and James Crawford, of Augusta County, Va., but their route being ascertained, two young men went in pursuit, and discovered the fugitives in the woods in Highland County. They refused to surrender, even under threats of shooting, until their pursuers cocked and levelled their guns, when they at once yielded. While one was being tied, however, the others started, and in the confusion of the moment, the one in custody also got away. Thus four made good their escape, but the fifth was afterwards recaptured and secured.

"WHITE NIGGERS."—A tobacconist of Petersburg, Va., instead of using slave labour, employed two white boys to perform the services he required in his shop. Whenever these boys appeared in the streets, they were greeted with jeers, such as "there goes the white niggers," and other like insults. As the tobacconist was a German, he was surprised that such things should be in a country of such Republican pretensions, and determining to leave the South, he packed up and removed to a Northern city. He now employs free labour—and more, supports Fremont and Dayton.—*Exchange.*

FREMONT POETRY.—There never was a political movement in this country that so touched the fountains of poetry, as this nomination of Fremont. The songs it has elicited are virtually innumerable, and some of them of the finest quality. In addition to these all the odes and hymns and fugitive pieces which throng the newspapers. We learn that one of our most gifted poets has a volume in press, of some 150 pages, containing a series of lyrics on the salient points in Col. Fremont's career. The work will be issued in this city in a few weeks.—*Independent.*

A man in South Carolina has actually produced that wonder of the world, a poem in favour of slavery. The name of this rare genius is Wm. T. Grayson, and his poem is entitled, "The Hireling and the Slave." His purpose is to show that the Northern "hirelings," viz., shoemakers, carpenters, and such like, are in a very miserable and forlorn condition, when compared with the "happy and contented" slaves, who cannot say that either their souls or their bodies are their own. A harp thus tuned to slavery must have a strange jingle in its chords. Grayson ought to be caught, caged, and exhibited as a curiosity.

CAUGHT AT LAST.—A negro man named Hamp, the property of Col. R. Beaty, of Union, who has been running at large for over three years, was caught at an early hour on Tuesday morning, near the residence of James White, on North Pacolet, by Owen White, and others, and is now lodged in Spartanburg jail. He was found asleep, upon a scaffold constructed by himself, with his arms around him, viz.: a bowie-knife, bottle of whiskey, and a Bible. Finding he was surrounded, with fire arms ready for use, he surrendered at once. He looks as though he had lived well—at somebody's expense.—*Spartanburg (S. C.) Spartan.*

GOOD NEWS.—The community will be glad to hear that by letters just received from Chicago, dated Aug. 7th, it appears that the second Worcester company, under Martin Stowell, has made its way through into Kansas, in spite of obstacles, and was, when last heard from, within forty miles of Topeka. We believe that this is the first party of emigrants which has actually arrived in Kansas since the sacking of Lawrence. Dr. Cutter also is on his way in, and the three hundred Western emigrants are *behind him.*—*Worcester Spy.*

FREE AND SLAVE LABOUR.—Col. Lane, of Kansas, thus illustrates the relation of the two sorts of labour which are now the question before the country. He says he was going down the Ohio once on a flat boat in company with a carpenter. The latter wished to get work in Kentucky, and going on shore they stopped at the house of a planter. "My dear fellow," said the planter to Col. Lane's companion, drawing himself up with his fingers in the arm holes of his waistcoat, "I would like to hire you, but the truth is, *I bought two carpenters yesterday.*"

NEGRO SUFFRAGE.—Wm. C. Nell, of Boston, and J. M. Langston, Esq., of Oberlin, addressed a large meeting at the Court House on Monday evening, in favour of admitting the coloured people of Ohio to the right of suffrage. Their speeches were eloquent and argumentative, and we claim *unanswerable* in favour of that right. They design to speak in the several townships in this County, and we call attention to the card of appointments in our columns.—The Black Laws of Ohio are only yet nominally abolished. Wipe them all out, and let every man who is taxed to support our government have a voice in electing his rulers. That's our doctrine.—*Elyria (O.) Independent Democrat*, 13th.

ASSAULT AND BATTERY.—On Thursday last, a charge of assault and battery was preferred against Joseph Barker, sen. (the well known lecturer on the *immoral tendency* of the Bible), by Richard Ramsden. Mr. Barker not being ready for trial, the hearing of the case was deferred until the next day. At the appointed time, the parties again met, before Esquire Battin, when Mr. Ramsden complained that whilst he was peaceably and quietly engaged in driving his cattle to the spring for water, he was assaulted by Joseph Barker with stones, and to some extent injured. The charge against Mr. Barker was sustained, and he was accordingly held to bail in the sum of five hundred dollars for his appearance at Court.—*Salem (O.) Republican*, 13th.

A NEGRO TARRED AND FEATHERED AT HUDSON.—The Hudson *Star* of Tuesday says that between the hours of 8 and 9 o'clock on Monday evening, that usually quiet community was thrown into an extraordinary state of excitement, in consequence of a tarring and feathering affair which came off in the upper part of the city. The subject was Wm. Mowers, a coloured barber, and an old resident. He is supposed to have been on terms of too great intimacy with a respectable white girl. He was taken from his shop by force, marched upon the public square, and in the presence of a large "Vigilance Committee," a coat of tar and feathers was well applied. He was then given till Tuesday morning to leave the city. He left as soon as he could conveniently, after getting out of the clutches of his "friends."

The South Carolina *Times*, alluding to the late assault on Mr. Stanwood, of Massachusetts, by B. W. Vicks, of North Carolina, in New York, says:

"When Mr. Vicks was about to leave North Carolina in company with Mr. Haywood on a Northern pleasure tour, he was requested by the State authorities to take with him a negro who had been sentenced to banishment from North Carolina for a glaring outrage upon the laws of that State. Mr. V. consented, and on his arrival at the hotel in Philadelphia, he registered his name Vicks and servant. Soon after the Abolitionists appeared, and used every persuasion to induce the negro to abscond; and he informed Mr. V. that they had offered him $50 to run off. Mr. V. advised the boy to demand $100. The amount was paid, and the banished negro, who was taken to the North to be left there, received aid unexpectedly, and is now residing among a class of people altogether worthy his association." [Fudge!]

A FEMALE TRAVELLER.—A Montreal letter in the Boston *Bee* says: There is travelling in Canada at the present time a lady of no little interest. She is an educated Irish lady, and a native of Dublin. Her name is Miss Jane Wilson. She is 23 years old, of prepossessing appearance, and is exceedingly interesting and intelligent. She left Dublin in March last for this country, unaccompanied by any attendant, male or female, and has travelled in every part of the States, North and South. She has a strong taste for adventure, and enjoys nothing more than going from place to place, and closely observing such matters as may be of interest. She is a second Madame Pfeiffer, and has only to see half the years of that distinguished lady to have toured the globe. With plenty of money, a stout heart, a reliance upon herself, and a full belief that woman is protected and respected wherever she may go, Miss Wilson spans the continent unharmed and unmolested. She will shortly visit Boston.

SALE OF THE SLAVER BRAMAN.—The brig Braman which it will be remembered was seized on June 7, off the Narrows, having just started, as was alleged on a voyage to the Coast of Africa, to engage in the slave trade, has been condemned as a slaver, and will shortly be sold at public auction. A claim for the vessel was filed in the name of Emanuel Josephs, but no such party has appeared, or has any such party been found. The brig was appraised some time since by the appraisers, duly appointed by the U. S. Circuit Court, at $6,500, and cargo at $1,000. It is thought that a larger sum, however, will be realized from the sale. Half the proceeds of the sale go to her captors, U. S. Deputy Marshals De Angelis, Nevins, and Helms, and the balance to the United States Government.

An application, with view to delay the sale of the vessel, was made on Tuesday, at the U. S. District Attorney's Office, to issue a commission to take testimony upon the question of ownership at the Isle of St. Thomas, off the Coast of Africa. The application was denied.—*N. Y. Times*, 10th.

SINGULAR PRESENTIMENT.—The Detroit *Advertiser* makes a singular statement, for the truth of which it vouches. It says that a compositor in that office came to his work on the 1st instant, very much depressed, and by his own acknowledgment unfit for work. On being asked the cause of his low spirits, he related a dream which he had had during the night, and which exhibited to him his mother dead and in her coffin. He remained about the office all day, very low in spirits, until about 4 o'clock, he received a telegraphic despatch announcing to him his mother's demise! The *Advertiser* adds that the lady had enjoyed perfect health to within a few hours of her death, and no communication whatever had been received warning him of her illness. We have examined into these facts carefully, and can vouch for them. The communication of the circumstances of the terrible dream was made seven or eight hours before the telegraphic despatch was sent. Publicity would not be given to this singular occurrence if there existed a shadow of doubt as to the entire truth of the main facts. The death took place on the morning of Friday, at Niagara, C. W., 228 miles from Detroit.

THE PURCHASER OF DR. PENNINGTON.—At the recent anniversary of West Indian Emancipation, held at Hartford, Conn., Dr. Pennington made a speech, and was followed by John Hooker, Esq., who commenced his address by playfully remarking that he *had formerly been a slaveholder, but had emancipated all his slaves* (alluding to the fact of his purchase of Dr. Pennington from his old master in order to secure his liberty). He said he blamed the last speaker (Dr. Pennington) for two things: first, it was customary for the master to speak before the slave, but in this instance the slave spoke before his master (laughter). Second, the bills announced that the Rev. Mr. Pennington, *D.D.*, and John Hooker, *Esq.*, would address the meeting. In purchasing Mr. Pennington he became the owner of whatever property he might possess, and in giving him his free papers he did not *transfer the title of D.D.*, so of course it remained his property. The bill should therefore have read, addresses will be delivered by John Hooker, *D.D.*, and Rev. *Mr.* Pennington (great laughter).

A COLOURED FULTON.—The Annapolis *Republican* says there is an extraordinary genius in that city, in the person of a young coloured man named Ben, a slave of John T. Hammond, Esq., employed in the laboratory at the Naval Academy, who has recently planned and built a small steamboat, and on Wednesday last made a trial trip to the great satisfaction of Capt. Goldsborough, and others, who witnessed the working of the engine. He came into the dock from the Academy with six passengers, at the rate of seven miles an hour, much to the surprise and delight of a number of citizens, who had assembled there to witness the operations of the first steamboat built in the ancient city. He is an unpretending coloured man, and has laboured under many disadvantages to endeavour to accomplish that which he had for several years so much at heart, and deserves great credit for his perseverance and final success. He is of opinion that he will be able, in a short time, to make important improvements in steamboat engines.

A NEW COMBINATION AND A NEW NAME.—The Louisville *Herald* says that the Baptists and the Campbellites in Kentucky, having been for several years united in the new translation scheme, are now coming into a closer union or fusion. During a recent visit of Mr. Campbell, the head of the sect, to Louisville, he preached on the Sabbath for the First Baptist Church there, though his own denomination had a church on the opposite side of the same street. The *Herald* says:

"As both parties contend that *baptize* is an incorrect rendering of *baptizo*, it would seem to follow as a necessary sequence, that the name *Baptists* must be repudiated or thrown overboard along with the word *baptize*, as they both belong to the same family. There has been some curiosity to know what name the united parties will assume after their new version has been inaugurated. We learn from a friend who heard Mr. Campbell, on the occasion referred to, that he anticipated the matter a little and gave them a name. The members of the new church, which the pure version is to introduce, and which is to swallow up all the sects, he proposed shall be called *Christocrats.*"

ATTEMPT TO FOIST SLAVERY UPON OREGON.—The Rochester (N. Y.) *Democrat* makes the following remarkable statement.

"We expect soon to publish communications from a

Miscellaneous Department.

THE DIARY OF ANNE RODWAY.

IN TWO CHAPTERS. CHAPTER THE FIRST.

March 3d, 1840. A long letter to-day from Robert, which surprised and vexed and fluttered me so, that I have been sadly behind-hand with my work ever since. He writes in worse spirits than last time, and absolutely declares that he is poorer even than when he went to America, and that he has made up his mind to come home to London. How happy I should be at this news, if he only returned to me a prosperous man! As it is, though I love him dearly, I cannot look forward to the meeting him again, disappointed and broken down and poorer than ever, without a feeling almost of dread for both of us. I was twenty-six last birthday and he was thirty-three; and there seems less chance now than ever of our being married. It is all I can do to keep myself by my needle; and his prospects, since he failed in the small stationary business three years ago, are worse, if possible, than mine. Not that I mind so much for myself; women, in all ways of life, and especially in my dress-making way, learn, I think, to be more patient than men. What I dread is Robert's despondency, and the hard struggle he will have in this cruel city to get his bread—let alone making money enough to marry me. So little as poor people want to set up in house-keeping and be happy together, it seems hard that they can't get it when they are honest and hearty, and willing to work. The clergyman said in his sermon, last Sunday evening, that all things were ordered for the best, and we are all put into the stations in life that are properest for us. I suppose he was right, being a very clever gentleman who fills the church to crowding; but I think I should have understood him better if I had not been very hungry at the time, in consequence of my own station in life being nothing but Plain Needlewoman.

March 4th. Mary Mallinson came down to my room to take a cup of tea with me. I read her bits of Robert's letter, to show her that if she has her troubles, I have mine two; but I could not succeed in cheering her. She says she is born to misfortune, and that, as long back as she can remember, she has never had the least morsel of luck to be thankful for. I told her to go and look in my glass, and to say if she had nothing to be thankful for then; for Mary is a very pretty girl, and would look still prettier if she could be more cheerful and dress neater. However, my compliment did no good. She rattled her spoon impatiently in her tea-cup, and said, "If I was only as good a hand at needlework as you are, Anne, I would change faces with the ugliest girl in London." "Not you!" says I, laughing. She looked at me for a moment, and shook her head, and was out of the room before I could get up and stop her. She always runs off in that way when she is going to cry, having a kind of pride about letting other people see her in tears.

March 5th. A fright about Mary. I had not seen her all day, as she does not work at the same place where I do; and in the evening she never came down to have tea with me, or sent me word to go to her. So just before I went to bed I ran up stairs to say good-night. She did not answer when I knocked; and when I stepped softly into the room I saw her in bed, asleep, with her work not half done, lying about the room in the untidiest way. There was nothing remarkable in that, and I was just going away on tip-toe, when a tiny bottle and wine-glass on the chair by her bed-side caught my eye. I thought she was ill and had been taking physic, and looked at the bottle. It was marked in large letters, "Laudanum—Poison." My heart gave a jump as if it was going to fly out of me. I laid hold of her with both hands, and shook her with all my might. She was sleeping heavily, and woke slowly, as it seemed to me—but still she did wake. I tried to pull her out of bed, having heard that people ought to be always walked up and down when they have taken laudanum; but she resisted, and pushed me away violently.

"Anne!" says she, in a fright. "For gracious sake, what's come to you! Are you out of your senses?"

"O, Mary! Mary!" says I, holding up the bottle before her, "If I had n't come in when I did——" And I laid hold of her to shake her again.

She looked puzzled at me for a moment—then smiled (the first time I had seen her do so for many a long day)—then put her arms round my neck.

"Don't be frightened about me, Anne," she says, "I am not worth it, and there is no need."

"No need!" says I, out of breath. "No need, when the bottle has got Poison marked on it!"

"Poison, dear, if you take it all," says Mary, looking at me very tenderly; "and a night's rest if you only take a little."

I watched her for a moment; doubtful whether I ought to believe what she said, or to alarm the house. But there was no sleepiness now in her eyes, and nothing drowsy in her voice; and she sat up in bed quite easily without anything to support her.

"You have given me a dreadful fright, Mary," says I, sitting down by her in the chair, and beginning, by this time, to feel rather faint after being startled so.

She jumped out of bed to get me a drop of water; and kissed me, and said how sorry she was, and how undeserving of so much interest being taken in her. At the same time, she tried to possess herself of the laudanum-bottle which I still kept cuddled up tight in my own hands.

"No," says I. "You have got into a low-spirited despairing way. I won't trust you with it."

"I am afraid I can't do without it," says Mary, in her usual quiet, hopeless voice. "What with work that I can't get through as I ought, and troubles that I can't help thinking of, sleep won't come to me unless I take a few drops out of that bottle. Don't take it away from me, Anne; it's the only thing in the world that makes me forget myself."

"Forget yourself!" says I. "You have no right to talk in that way, at your age. There's something horrible in the notion of a girl of eighteen sleeping with a bottle of laudanum by her bedside every night. We all of us have our troubles. Haven't I got mine?"

"You can do twice the work I can, twice as well as me," says Mary. "You are never scolded and rated at for awkwardness with your needle; and I always am. You can pay for your room every week; and I am three weeks in debt for mine."

"A little more practice," says I, "and a little more courage, and you will soon do better. You have got all your life before you—"

"I wish I was at the end of it," says she, breaking in. "I'm alone in the world, and my life's no good to me."

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself for saying so," says I. "Haven't you got me for a friend. Did n't I take a fancy to you when first you left your stepmother, and came to lodge in this house? And haven't I been sisters with you ever since? Suppose you are alone in the world, am I much better off? I'm an orphan, like you. I've almost as many things in pawn as you; and, if your pockets are empty, mine have only got ninepence in them, to last me for all the rest of the week."

"Your father and mother were honest people," says Mary, obstinately. "My mother ran away from home, and died in a hospital. My father was always drunk, and always beating me. My stepmother is as good as dead, for all she cares about me. My only brother is thousands of miles away in foreign parts, and never writes to me, and never helps me with a farthing. My sweetheart—"

She stopped, and the red flew into her face. I knew, if she went on that way, she would only get to the saddest part of her sad story, and give both herself and me unnecessary pain.

"My sweetheart is too poor to marry me, Mary," I said. "So I'm not so much to be envied, even there. But let's give over disputing which is worst off. Lie down in bed, and let me tuck you up. I'll put a stitch or two into that work of yours while you go to sleep."

Instead of doing what I told her, she burst out crying (being very like a child in some of her ways), and hugged me so tight round the neck, that she quite hurt me. I let her go on, till she had worn herself out, and was obliged to lie down. Even then, her last few words, before she dropped off to sleep, were such as I was half-sorry, half-frightened, to hear.

"I won't plague you long, Anne," she said. "I haven't courage to go out of the world as you seem to fear I shall. But I began my life wretchedly, and wretchedly I am sentenced to end it."

It was of no use lecturing her again, for she closed her eyes. I tucked her up as neatly as I could, and put her petticoat over her; for the bed-clothes were scanty, and her hands felt cold. She looked so pretty and delicate as she fell asleep, that it quite made my heart ache to see her, after such talk as we had held together. I just waited long enough to be quite sure that she was in the land of dreams; then emptied the horrible laudanum-bottle into the grate, took up her half-done work, and, going out softly, left her for that night.

March 6th. Sent off a long letter to Robert, begging and entreating him not to be so down-hearted, and not to leave America without making another effort. I told him I could bear any trial except the wretchedness of seeing him come back a helpless, broken-down man, trying uselessly to begin life again, when too old for a change. It was not till after I had posted my own letter, and read over parts of Robert's again, that the suspicion suddenly floated across me, for the first time, that he might have sailed for England immediately after writing to me. There were expressions in the letter which seemed to indicate that he had some such headlong project in his mind. And yet, surely if it were so, I ought to have noticed them at the first reading. I can only hope I am wrong in my present interpretation of much of what he has written to me—hope it earnestly for both our sakes.

This has been a doleful day for me. I have been uneasy about Robert, and uneasy about Mary. My mind is haunted by those last words of hers: "I began my life wretchedly, and wretchedly I am sentenced to end it." Her usual melancholy way of talking never produced the same impression on me that I feel now. Perhaps the discovery of the laudanum-bottle is the cause of this. I would give many a hard day's work to know what to do for Mary's good. My heart warmed to her when we first met in the same lodging-house, two years ago; and although I am not one of the over-affectionate sort myself, I feel as if I could go to the world's end to serve that girl. Yet, strange to say, if I was asked why I was so fond of her, I don't think I should know how to answer the question.

March 7th. I am almost ashamed to write it down, even in this journal, which no eyes but mine ever look on; yet I must honestly confess to myself, that here I am, at nearly one in the morning, sitting up in a state of serious uneasiness, because Mary has not yet come home. I walked with her, this morning, to the place where she works, and tried to lead her into talking of the relations she has got who are still alive. My motive in doing this was to see if she dropped anything in the course of conversation which might suggest a way of helping her interests with those who are bound to give her all reasonable assistance. But the little I could get her to say to me led to nothing. Instead of answering my questions about her stepmother and her brother, she persisted at first, in the strangest way, in talking of her father, who was dead and gone, and of one Noah Truscott, who had been the worst of all the bad friends he had, and had taught him to drink and game. When I did get her to speak of her brother, she only knew that he had gone out to a place called Assam, where they grew tea. How he was doing, or whether he was there still, she did not seem to know, never having heard a word from him for years and years past. As for her stepmother, Mary not unnaturally flew into a passion the moment I spoke of her. She keeps an eating-house at Hammersmith, and could have given Mary good employment in it; but she seems always to have hated her, and to have made her life so wretched with abuse and ill-usage, that she had no refuge left but to go away from home, and do her best to make a living for herself. Her husband (Mary's father) appears to have behaved badly to her; and, after his death, she took the wicked course of revenging herself on her step-daughter. I felt, after this, that it was impossible Mary could go back, and that it was the hard necessity of her position, as it is of mine, that she should struggle on to make a decent livelihood without assistance from any of her relations. I confessed as much as this to her; but I added that I would try to get her employment with the persons for whom I work, who pay higher wages, and show a little more indulgence to those under them, than the people to whom she is now obliged to look for support. I spoke much more confidently than I felt, about being able to do this; and left her, as I thought, in better spirits than usual. She promised to be back to-night to tea, at nine o'clock, and now it is nearly one in the morning, and she is not home yet. If it was any other girl I should not feel uneasy, for I should make up my mind that there was extra work to be done in a hurry, and that they were keeping her late, and I should go to bed. But Mary is so unfortunate in everything that happens to her, and her own melancholy talk about herself keeps hanging on my mind so, that I have fears on her account which would not distress me about any one else. It seems inexcusably silly to think such a thing, much more to write it down; but I have a kind of nervous dread upon me that some accident—

What does that loud knocking at the street door mean? And those voices and heavy footsteps outside? Some lodger who has lost his key, I suppose. And yet, my heart—— What a coward I have become all of a sudden!

More knocking and louder voices. I must run to the door and see what it is. O, Mary! Mary! I hope I am not going to have another fright about you; but I feel sadly like it.

March 8th.

March 9th.

March 10th.

March 11th. O, me! all the troubles I have ever had in my life are as nothing to the troubles I am in now. For three days I have not been able to write a single line in this journal, which I have kept so regularly, ever since I was a girl. For three days I have not once thought of Robert—I, who am always thinking of him at other times. My poor, dear, unhappy Mary, the worst I feared for you on that night when I sat up alone was far below the dreadful calamity that has really happened. How can I write about it, with my eyes full of tears and my hand all of a tremble? I don't even know why I am sitting down at my desk now, unless it is habit that keeps me to my old everyday task, in spite of all the grief and fear which seem to unfit me entirely for performing it.

The people of the house were asleep and lazy on that dreadful night, and I was the first to open the door. Never, never, could I describe in writing, or even say in plain talk, though it is so much easier, what I felt when I saw two policemen come in, carrying between them what seemed to me to be a dead girl, and that girl Mary! I caught hold of her and gave a scream that must have alarmed the whole house; for, frightened people came crowding down-stairs in their night-dresses. There was dreadful confusion and noise of loud talking, but I heard nothing, and saw nothing, till I had got her into my room, and laid on my bed. I stooped down, frantic-like, to kiss her, and saw an awful mark or blow on her left temple, and felt, at the same time, a feeble flutter of her breath on my cheek. The discovery that she was not dead seemed to give back my senses again. I told one of the policemen where the nearest doctor was to be found, and sat down by the bedside while he was gone, and bathed her poor head with cold water. She never opened her eyes, or moved, or spoke; but she breathed, and that was enough for me, because it was enough for life.

The policeman left in the room was a big, thick-voiced, pompous man, with a horrible unfeeling pleasure in hearing himself talk before an assembly of frightened, silent people. He told us how he had found her, as if he had been telling a story in a tap-room, and began with saying, "I don't think the young woman was drunk." Drunk! My Mary, who might have been born a lady for all the spirits she ever touched—drunk! I could have struck the man for uttering the word, with her lying, poor suffering angel, so white and still and helpless before him. As it was, I gave him a look; but he was too stupid to understand it, and went droning on, saying the same over and over again in the same words. And yet the story of how they found her was, like all the sad stories I have ever heard told in real life, so very, very short. They had just seen her lying along on the kerb-stone, a few streets off, and had taken her to the station-house. There she had been searched, and one of my cards, that I give to ladies who promise me employment, had been found in her pocket, and so they had brought her to our house. This was all they man really had to tell. There was nobody near her when she was found, and no evidence to show how the blow on her temple had been inflicted.

What a time it was before the doctor came, and how dreadful to hear him say, after he had looked at her, that he was afraid all the medical men in the world could be of no use here! He could not get her to swallow anything; and the more he tried to bring her back to her senses, the less chance there seemed of his succeeding. He examined the blow on her temple, and said she must have fallen down in a fit of some sort, and struck her head against the pavement, and so have given her brain what he was afraid was a fatal shake. I asked what was to be done if she showed any return to sense in the night. He said, "Send for me directly"; and stopped for a little while afterwards stroking her head gently with his hand, and whispering to himself, "Poor girl, so young and so pretty!" I had felt, some minutes before, as if I could have struck the policeman; and I felt now as if I could have thrown my arms around the doctor's neck and kissed him. I did put out my hand, when he took up his hat, and he shook it in the friendliest way, "Don't hope, my dear," he said, and went out.

The rest of the lodgers followed, all silent and shocked, except the inhuman wretch who owns the house, and lives in idleness on the high rents he wrings from poor people like us. "She's three weeks in my debt," says he, with a frown and an oath. "Where the devil is the money to come from now?" Brute! brute!

I had a long cry alone with her that seemed to ease my heart a little. She was not the least changed for the better when I had wiped away the tears, and could see her plainly again. I took up her right hand, which lay nearest to me. It was tight clenched. I tried to unclasp the fingers, and succeeded after a little time. Something dark fell out of the palm of her hand as I straightened it. I picked the thing up, and smoothed it out, and saw that it was an end of a man's cravat.

A very old, rotton, dingy strip of black silk, with thin lilac lines, all blurred and deadened with dirt, running across and across the stuff in a sort of trellis-work pattern. The small end of the cravat was hemmed in the usual way, but the other end was all jagged, as if the morsel then in my hands had been torn off violently from the rest of the stuff. A chill ran all over me as I looked at it; for that poor, stained, crumpled end of a cravat seemed to be saying to me, as though it had been in plain words, "If she dies, she has come to her death by foul means, and I am the witness of it."

I had been frightened enough before, lest she should die suddenly and quietly without my knowing it, while we were alone together; but I got into a perfect agony now for fear this last worst affliction should take me by surprise. I don't suppose five minutes passed all that woeful night through without my getting up and putting my cheek close to her mouth, to feel if the faint breaths still fluttered out of it. They came and went just the same as at first, though the fright I was in often made me fancy they were stilled forever. Just as the church clocks were striking four, I was startled by seeing the room door open. It was only Dusty Sal (as they called her in the house) the maid-of-all-work. She was wrapped up in the blanket off her bed; her hair was all tumbled over her face; and her eyes were heavy with sleep, as she came up to the bedside where I was sitting.

"I've two hours good before I begin to work," says she, in her hoarse, drowsy voice, "and I've come to sit up and take my turn at watching her. You lay down and get some sleep on the rug. Here's my blanket for you—I don't mind the cold—it will keep me awake."

"You are very kind—very, very kind and thoughtful, Sally," says I, "but I am too wretched in my mind to wa[illegible] up, or rest, or to do anything but wait where I [illegible] and hope for the best."

"[illegible]'ll wait, too," says Sally. "I must do something; if there's nothing to do but waiting, I'll wait."

And she sat down opposite me at the foot of the bed, and drew the blanket close round her with a shiver.

"After working so hard as you do, I'm sure you must want all the little rest you can get," says I.

"Excepting only you," says Sally, putting her heavy arm very clumsily, but very gently at the same time, round Mary's feet, and looking hard at the pale, still face on the pillow. "Excepting you, she's the only soul in this house as never swore at me, or give me a hard word that I can remember. When you made puddings on Sunday, and give her half, she always give me a bit. The rest of 'em calls me Dusty Sal. Excepting only you, again, she always called me Sally, as if she knowed me in a friendly way. I ain't no good here, but I ain't no harm neither; and I shall take my turn at the sitting up—that's what I shall do!"

She nestled her head down close at Mary's feet as she spoke those words, and said no more. I once or twice thought she had fallen asleep; but whenever I looked at her, her heavy eyes were always wide open. She never changed her position an inch till the church clocks struck six; then she gave one little squeeze to Mary's feet with her arm, and shuffled out of the room without a word. A minute or two after, I heard her down below, lighting the kitchen fire just as usual.

A little later, the doctor stepped over before his breakfast time, to see if there had been any change in the night. He only shook his head when he looked at her, as if there was no hope. Having nobody else to consult that I could put trust in, I showed him the end of the cravat, and told him of the dreadful suspicion that had arisen in my mind, when I found it in her hand.

"You must keep it carefully, and produce it at the inquest," he said. "I don't know, though, that it is likely to lead to anything. The bit of stuff may have been lying on the pavement near her, and her hand may have unconsciously clutched it when she fell. Was she subject to fainting fits?"

"Not more so, sir, than other young girls who are hard-worked and anxious, and weakly from poor living," I answered.

"I can't say that she may not have got that blow from a fall," the doctor went on, looking at her temple again. "I can't say that it presents any positive appearance of having been inflicted by another person. It will be important, however, to ascertain what state of health she was in last night. Have you any idea where she was yesterday evening?"

I told him where she was employed at work, and said I imagined she must have been kept there later than usual.

"I shall pass the place this morning," said the doctor, "in going my rounds among my patients, and I'll just step in and make some inquiries."

I thanked him, and we parted. Just as he was closing the door, he looked in again.

"Was she your sister?" he asked.

"No, sir, only my dear friend."

He said nothing more; but I heard him sigh, as he shut the door softly. Perhaps he once had a sister of his own, and lost her? Perhaps she was like Mary in the face?

The doctor was hours gone away. I began to feel unspeakably forlorn and helpless. So much so as even to wish selfishly that Robert might really have sailed from America, and might get to London in time to assist and console me. No living creature came into the room but Sally. The first time she brought me some tea; the second and third times she only looked in to see if there was any change, and glanced her eye towards the bed. I had never known her so silent before; it seemed almost as if this dreadful accident had struck her dumb. I ought to have spoken to her, perhaps, but there was something in her face that daunted me; and, besides, the fever of anxiety I was in began to dry up my lips as if they would never be able to shape any words again. I was still tormented by that frightful apprehension of the past night, that she would die without my knowing it—die without saying one word to clear up the awful mystery of this blow, and set the suspicions at rest forever which I still felt whenever my eyes fell on the end of the old cravat.

At last the doctor came back.

"I think you may safely clear your mind of any doubts to which that bit of stuff may have given rise," he said. "She was, as you supposed, detained late by her employers, and she fainted in the work-room. They most unwisely and unkindly let her go home alone, without giving her any stimulant, as soon as she came to her senses again. Nothing is more probable, under these circumstances, than that she should faint a second time on her way here. A fall on the pavement, without any friendly arm to break it, might have produced even a worse injury than the injury we see. I believe that the only ill-usage to which the poor girl was exposed was the neglect she met with in the work-room."

"You speak very reasonably, I own, sir," said I, not yet quite convinced. "Still, perhaps she may——"

"My poor girl, I told you not to hope," said the doctor, interrupting me. He went to Mary, and lifted up her eyelids, and looked at her eyes while he spoke, then added, "If you still doubt how she came by that blow, do not encourage the idea that any words of hers will ever enlighten you. She will never speak again."

"Not dead! O, sir, don't say she's dead!"

"She is dead to pain and sorrow—dead to speech and recognition. There is more animation in the life of the feeblest insect that flies than in the life that is left in her. When you look at her now, try to think that she is in Heaven. That is the best comfort I can give you, after telling the hard truth."

I did not believe him. I could not believe him. So long as she breathed at all, so long I was resolved to hope. Soon after the doctor was gone, Sally came in again, and found me listening (if I may call it so) at Mary's lips. She went to where my little hand-glass hangs against the wall, took it down, and gave it to me.

"See if the breath marks it," she said.

Yes; her breath did mark it, but very faintly. Sally cleaned the glass with her apron, and gave it back to me. As she did so, she half stretched out her hand to Mary's face, but drew it in again suddenly, as if she was afraid of soiling Mary's delicate skin with her hard, horny fingers. Going out, she stopped at the foot of the bed, and scraped away a little patch of mud that was on one of Mary's shoes.

"I always used to clean 'em for her," said Sally, "to save her hands from getting blacked. May I take 'em off now, and clean 'em again?"

I nodded my head, for my heart was too heavy to speak. Sally took the shoes off with a slow, awkward tenderness, and went out.

An hour or more must have passed, when, putting the glass over her lips again, I saw no mark on it. I held it closer and closer. I dulled it accidentally with my own breath, and cleaned it. I held it over her again. O, Mary, Mary, the doctor was right! I ought to have only thought of you in Heaven!

Dead, without a word, without a sign—without even a look to tell the true story of the blow that killed her! I could not call to anybody, I could not cry, I could not so much as put the glass down and give her a kiss for the last time. I don't know how long I had sat there with my eyes burning, and my hands deadly cold, when Sally came in with the shoes cleaned, and carried carefully in her apron for fear of a soil touching them. At the sight of that——

I can write no more. My tears drop so fast on the paper that I can see nothing.

March 12th. She died on the afternoon of the eighth. On the morning of the ninth, I wrote, as in duty bound, to her stepmother, at Hammersmith. There was no answer. I wrote again: my letter was returned to me this morning, unopened. For all that woman cares, Mary might be buried with a pauper's funeral. But this shall never be, if I pawn everything about me, down to the very gown that is on my back. The bare thought of Mary being buried by the workhouse gave me the spirit to dry my eyes, and go to the undertaker's, and tell him how I was placed. I said, if he would get me an estimate of all that would have to be paid, from first to last, for the cheapest decent funeral that could be had, I would undertake to raise the money. He gave me the estimate, written in this way, like a common bill:

A walking funeral complete	1	13	8
Vestry	0	4	4
Rector	0	4	4
Clerk	0	1	0
Sexton	0	1	0
Beadle	0	1	0
Bell	0	1	0
Six feet of ground	0	2	0
Total	£2	8	4

If I had the heart to give any thought to it, I should be inclined to wish that the Church could afford to do without so many small charges for burying poor people, to whose friends even shillings are of consequence. But it is useless to complain; the money must be raised at once. The charitable doctor—a poor man himself, or he would not be living in our neighbourhood—has subscribed ten shillings towards the expenses; and the coroner, when the inquest was over, added five more. Perhaps others may assist me. If not, I have fortunately clothes and furniture of my own to pawn. And I must set about parting with them without delay; for the funeral is to be to-morrow, the thirteenth. The funeral—Mary's funeral! It is well that the straits and difficulties I am in keep my mind on the stretch. If I had leisure to grieve, where should I find the courage to face to-morrow?

Thank God, they did not want me at the inquest. The verdict given—with the doctor, the policeman, and two persons from the place where she worked, for witnesses—was Accidental Death. The end of the cravat was produced, and the coroner said that it was certainly enough to suggest suspicion; but the jury, in the absence of any positive evidence, held to the doctor's notion that she had fainted and fallen down, and so got the blow on her temple. They reproved the people where Mary worked for letting her go home alone, without so much as a drop of brandy to support her, after she had fallen into a swoon from exhaustion before their eyes. The coroner added, on his own account, that he thought the reproof was thoroughly deserved. After that, the cravat-end was given back to me, by my own desire; the police saying that they could make no investigations with such a slight clue to guide them. They may think so, and the coroner, and doctor, and jury may think so; but, in spite of all that has passed, I am now more firmly persuaded than ever that there is some dreadful mystery in connection with that blow on my poor lost Mary's temple which has yet to be revealed, and which may come to be discovered through this very fragment of a cravat that I found in her hand. I cannot give any good reason for why I think so; but I know that if I had been one of the jury at the inquest, nothing should have induced me to consent to such a verdict as Accidental Death.

[To be continued.]

From The N. Y. Tribune.

THE FUGITIVES.

BY J. M. FLETCHER.

Under the cover of darkness,
Watching with lynx-like eyes,
Parting the tangled brushwood,
Boldly they seek the prize.
Swift, for the boon is Freedom,
Urging them on to speed,
No matter how they suffer,
No matter how they bleed.

Far from the highways keeping,
Living as best they can,
Famine, so grim and ghastly,
Fearing far less than man,
Into the swamps and marshes
Fleeing from danger's track,
On to their goal they journey,
Never once turning back.

Hunted with guns and sabres,
Little their eyes can sleep;
Fainting and drooping and bleeding,
Steadily on they keep,
Watching the North Star's glimmer
Down through the gloom of night,
Praying for strength to struggle
On in their feeble flight.

Is there no sigh of sadness
When from the slaver's lash
Into the wilds and thickets
Some of their victims dash,
Braving the scourge and rifle,
Fleeing to swamps and caves,
Dwelling with poisonous reptiles
Rather than live as slaves?

Oh! to the Freedom-loving,
Oh! to the hearts that feel,
How in their simple sorrow
Stories like these appeal!
Is there no love or pity
Left in the Nation's breast,
That, for the love of Freedom,
Man should be so oppressed?

EMINENT BOOKSELLERS.

During the middle ages, the booksellers were styled *Stationarii* at the Universities of Paris and Bologna; they used to sell and loan MSS. This was the commencement of the bookselling business. A species of literary censorship, it appears, was first established at Paris, 1342, when a license from the University was requisite previously to engaging in such business. The booksellers were, in fact, regularly matriculated by entry on its roll, and considered as its officers; the prices of all books were also fixed according to the tariff of four sworn booksellers, by the institution; a fine was imposed for selling an imperfect copy of a work, and a catalogue, with the prices annexed, was further required to be always kept in the shops. This censorship was afterwards invested in the person of Berthold, Archbishop of Mentz, in 1486, and again renewed with greater vigour, with respect to books, by the Council of Trent, in 1546, being subsequently enforced by the popes, down to 1563, by whom several *Indices Librorum Prohibitorum*, were issued. In France the censorship was vested in the Chancellor; in England it was exercised by the well-known Star-Chamber; and after the abolition of that court, by Parliament itself; it was abolished in England about 1694, although it still continues in force, we believe, in several of the Continental States.

The *first* bookseller, so called, on record was Faustus. He is said to have carried his books for sale to the monasteries in France and elsewhere; and the first bookseller who purchased MSS. for publication, without possessing a press of his own, was John Otto, of Nuremberg (1516).

Resuming our notices of eminent bibliopoles, the next name we find in the order of date is that of John Dunton (*temp.* 1659—1733). Of his literary performances, his *Life and Errors* is the best known. His critical acumen, or good fortune, were certainly not much at fault; for it is recorded, that of the 600 works which he published only seven proved unsuccessful.

Chiswell, styled for preëminence the metropolitan bookseller of England, and whose shrewdness and wit stood the test so admirably, that he is reported never to have issued a bad book, was also, at about the same period, an author of some consideration. Contemporary with him, we find the name of the learned linguist and bibliopolist Samuel Smith, the appointed bookseller to the Royal Society; and Thomas Guy, the founder of "Guy's Hospital" (whose munificence and philanthropy have immortalized his name, and often invoked the blessing of suffering humanity), was originally, it will be remembered, a bookseller.

John Bagford, an industrious antiquarian bookseller, who lived to the early part of the eighteenth century, was the author of the *Collectanea*, bearing his name, contained in the Harleian MSS. of the British Museum.

The Tonsons were a race of booksellers who did honour to the profession for integrity, and by their encouragement of authors. Malone published several letters from Dryden to Tonson, and Tonson to Dryden. Tonson displays the Tradesman, acknowledging the receipt of the Translatio[illegible] f Ovid, which he had received for the third Miscellany, with which he was pleased, but not with the price, having only one thousand four hundred and forty-six lines for fifty guineas, when he expected to have had one thousand five hundred and eighteen lines for forty guineas; adding that he had a better bargain with Juvenal, which is reckoned not so easy to translate as Ovid. Most of the other letters relate to the translation of Virgil. "I thank you heartily," he says, "for the sherry; it was the best of the kind I ever drank." The current coin was at that period wretchedly debased. In one letter Dryden says, "I expect forty pounds in good silver, not such as I had formerly. I am not obliged to take gold, neither will I, nor stay for it above four and twenty hours after it is due." In 1698, when Dryden published his Fables, Tonson agreed to give him two hundred and sixty-eight pounds for ten thousand verses; and to complete the full number of lines stipulated, he gave the bookseller the Epistle to his Cousin, and the celebrated Ode.

Lintot, Pope's publisher, was also an author: not to speak of Miller, Evans, Griersson, Motte and Ruddiman, the last-named, a man of profound attainments as a grammarian and critic; or Richardson the author of "Sir Charles Grandison," and other popular works, which have procured for him the title of the English Rousseau; and Alexander Cruden, the renowned compiler of the "Concordance to the Sacred Scripture," whose stupendous labours turned him mad. A curious anecdote is related of him; one evening, having prepared an excellent supper for some friends, whom he had invited to partake of a favourite dish of roast turkey, no sooner had Mr. Cruden arrived and made his appearance in the room, heated with walking, than before the covers could be removed, while the guests were eagerly anticipating their pleasureable repast, up walked the distinguished host, and advancing to the smoking joint in question, *sans cérémonie* pushed back his wig, and with both hands plunged in the gravey, began to wash his head and face over the bird, to the horror and dismay of the astonished group!

John Buckley, who lived to about 1746, was a learned linguist; and Paterson, his contemporary, was also author of many works, as well as a book-auctioneer; he was indeed one of the most prominent bibliopoles of his age.

About the same date, we meet with the name of Harris, the author of *Lexicon Technicum*. *Chambers's Cyclopædia* was the basis of Dr. Rees's voluminous work, which extended to forty volumes, quarto. This celebrated work was styled "the pride of booksellers, and the honour of the English nation." Rees is represented as a man equally indefatigable, perspicacious and observant. He was a Quaker, a member of Gray's Inn, and at his demise, which occurred at Canonbury House, Islington, a relic of the times of Elizabeth, he was interred within the cloisters of Westminster Abbey.

Hutton, of Birmingham, who has been not inaptly styled the English Franklin, from the very depth of obscurity and poverty, fought his way, single-handed, to wealth and literary eminence. His "History of Birmingham" was followed by other productions, including his interesting autobiography. His literary labours were concluded in 1811, by a "Trip to Coatham," a watering-place in Yorkshire, written in his eighty-sixth year, in which he thus takes leave of his readers: "As it is perhaps the last time I shall appear before the world as an author, I may be allowed the liberty of exhibiting my performances in that character. I took up my pen, and that with fear and trembling, at the age of fifty-six, a period when most would lay it down. I drove the quill thirty-three years, during which time I wrote and published fourteen books."

We might refer to the names of Rushton, of Liverpool, M'Creery Debrett, Allan Ramsay the poet, Hansard, Bulmer, Boydell, Griffiths, Harrison, and many others we stay not to enumerate. Worrall, of Bell Yard, who died 1771, was a well-known author-bookseller, as well as the eccentric Andrew Brice, of Exeter, and Sir James Hodges, who lived at the sign of the Looking-Glass, on London Bridge. The names should not be omitted of Faulkner, Gent, Goadby, and also Smellie, the first edition of whose work on philosophy yielded him one thousand guineas, and a revenue of fame. Thomas Osborne, of Gray's Inn, was also a very eminent bookseller, although if we are to decide with Dr. Dibdin, not eminent in philological attainments. Boswell relates an amusing circumstance connected with the professional career of this worthy bibliopole, who, it is said, was inclined to assume an authoritative air in his business intercourse. One day Johnson happening to encounter a similar exhibition of temper, the Doctor became so exasperated, that he actually knocked Osborne down in his shop with a folio, and put his foot upon his neck; and when remonstrated with on such summary proceeding, he coolly replied, "Sir, he was impertinent to me and I beat him."

Paternoster Row, the great literary emporium of the world, did not assume any importance till the reign of Queen Anne, when the booksellers began to forsake their former principal mart, Little Britain,* which has become the resort of all the bibliopoles about the time of the renowned John Day, terminating with the equally celebrated Ballard. In earlier times Paternoster Row seems to have been more noted for mercers, lacemen and haberdashers; for a newspaper periodical of 1707, adds to the list, "the *sempstresses* of Paternoster Row." We find, however, the record of a solitary member of the craft, one Denham, who lived then and there, at the sign of the Star, as early as 1564, and whose significant motto ran as follows:

"Os homini sublime dedit."

There also dwelt turners of beads, and they were called Paternoster makers, from which, of course, this noted place originally derived its name. It is also worthy of notice, that the parish of St. Bride has been, from the days of Pynson, in 1500, down to the days of Strahan, the location of the "King's Printer"; while the number of those carrying on the profession in this vicinity are singularly numerous, and far beyond the average of any other parish in England, or perhaps the *Alma Mater* of the printers. Alex. Hogg, called the king of Puffers, was moreover reputed a man of considerable learning. He published numerous standard works in the serial form, and was the first to introduce that convenient, and, for the spread of literature, important mode of publication. He seems to have exhausted the vocabularies of superlatives, to express the beauty, elegance and magnificence of his editions. He also was reputed to possess singular tact in revivifying a dull book by re-christening it, and otherwise metamorphosing its contents when its sale, under its original condition, had ceased.—*Publishers' Circular.*

*Anciently Breton street, from the mansion of the Duke of Bretagne on that spot, in more modern times became the "Paternoster Row" of the booksellers; and a newspaper of 1664 states them to have published here within four years, 464 pamphlets. Here lived Rawlinson ("Tom Folio" of *The Tatler*, No. 158), who stuffed four chambers in Gray's Inn so full that his bed was removed into the passage.

From The Boston Courier, August 12.

The following remarkable poem appeared originally, it is believed in the *St. Helena Magazine*, and was afterwards copied in the London *Spectator* and other journals. It will be new to most readers. It relates to the early service of English officers in India when the army was mowed down by pestilence. When Mr. Macaulay's account of the effect of small-pox in England is remembered, as it describes the separation of brothers, sisters and lovers, it will be seen that this poem gives, with wonderful effect, what is far nobler, however painful, the very poetry of military despair, but still the *dying together* of brothers in arms:

REVELRY IN EAST INDIA.

We meet 'neath the sounding rafter
And the walls around are bare,
As they shout to our peals of laughter
It seems that the dead are there.
But stand to your glasses, steady,
We drink to our comrades' eyes,
Quaff a cup to the dead already;
And hurra! for the next that dies.

Not here are the goblets glowing;
Not here is the vintage sweet;
'Tis cold, as our hearts growing,
And dark, as the doom we meet.
But stand to your glasses, steady!
And soon shall our pulses rise—
A cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

Not a sigh for the lot that darkles;
Not a tear for the friends that sink;
We'll fall, amidst the wine cup's sparkles,
As mute as the wine we drink.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis this that the respite buys;
One cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

Time was when we frowned at others;
We thought we were wiser then;
Ha! ha! let *them* think of their mothers,
Who hope to see them again!
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The thoughtless are here the wise;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

There's many a hand that's shaking;
There's many a cheek that's sunk;
But soon, though our hearts are breaking,
They'll burn with the wine we've drunk.
So stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis here the revival lies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

There's a mist on the glass congealing;
'Tis the hurricane's fiery breath;
And thus does the warmth of feeling
Turn ice on the grasp of death.
Ho! stand to your glasses, steady!
For a moment the vapour flies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

Who dreads to the dust returning?
Who shrinks from the sable shore?
Where the high and haughty yearning
Of the soul shall sting no more.
No! stand to your glasses, steady!
The world is a world of lies;
A cup to the dead already;
Hurra! for the next that dies.

Cut off from the land that bore us,
Betray'd by the land we find,
Where the brightest have gone before us,
And the dullest remain behind.
Stand! stand to your glasses, steady!
'Tis all we have left to prize;
A cup to the dead already;
And hurra! for the next that dies.

HOW DUMAS WRITES NOVELS.

A very interesting article recently appeared in *Chambers's Journal*, entitled "The Literary Leviathan," describing the secret of M. Alexandre Dumas' extraordinary literary fecundity. The writer asserts that, in the first place, few or none of the works bearing Dumas' name are original, and cites instances of wholesale plagiarism without any acknowledgment; and, in the second place, he asserts that the most popular of those which are attributed to Dumas were written by assistants, whom he employed. The writer says, in a part of his article:

"A number of assistants were employed; and it is an indisputable fact, that by these assistants were written the very best of the romances which were given to the world as the works of Alexandre Dumas. Among many others we may allude only to *Georges*, written by M. Mallefille; *Fernande*, by M. Auger; *Un Fille de Regent*, by M. Coualhaic; and *Sylvandire*, by M. Maquet. These works, however, were but little known out of France; it was *Les Trois Mousquetaires* and *Monte Christo* that gave Dumas a world-wide reputation, though he actually did not write a line of either of them. *The Three Musketeers*—we use its English title, for it is well known by translations both in England and America—was *written* by M. Maquet. We place the word written in italics, for the work is one of the very grossest of plagiarisms.